THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Traveler to China

Francois Mitterand

What Is Ideology?

Louis J. Halle

Terence Prittie *Sidney Hyman* *Feiffer*
Gerald W. Johnson *Stanley Kauffmann*
Asher Brynes *Abe Fortas* *Robert Brustein*

October 23, 1961, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Like Papa

★ President Kennedy in the past week has been saying two things – the world is in an awful fix and he doesn't know all the answers. The fix, he adds, will last our lifetime.

Such candor from a public leader is unusual, not to say eccentric. The message is not comforting but it does sound as though he were speaking the truth, which is important for the first ingredient of national unity is belief in your leaders. He says in effect we must be steadfast and distrust posy panaceas that come at a penny a bunch, whether from Left or Right.

Kennedy's mood is important to the nation now because in time of crisis America normally looks to the head of the table and behaves like Papa. Today we have at the head of things a rather reserved young man who rarely acts impulsively; who (we fervently hope) is capable of learning; who dislikes flamboyance as much as Khrushchev likes it, and who can state that we are living in the "most dangerous time in the history of the human race" as coolly as though he were reciting a history lesson.

The rest of the world has a stereotype of America – a volatile, trigger-happy Uncle Sam reaching impulsively for the .45 in any embarrassing uncertainty. Is that true today?

Certainly not. It may be that we are not doing all the right things but, with some exceptions, we are keeping our shirts on. We are suffering a slow burn under next-to-intolerable frustrations and yet so far at any rate we have not panicked nor have we gone into a state of hysterics.

Part of the reason for this restraint is young Mr. Kennedy. By historical chance at this particular juncture we have in the White House a young man who is, in some ways, rather a cold fish and who quietly says we had better get used to the fix we are in because it will probably last all our lives.

We watched Eisenhower on TV last week. Intimates say he is terribly bored and has now all but severed the Gettysburg-White House axis that was making some people call this the third Eisenhower Administration. He is going off to the political wars. It was like old times to see him, genial and relaxed, on TV, in fact in no time at all we dozed off. How appropriate, we thought! He still exerts his magic spell – he kept America in a tranquil doze for eight relaxed years.

Interglacial Interval

★ Half way across the Atlantic by modern jet there is a little time pocket when one reaches psychic weightlessness. It is either 2:30 in the afternoon or 10:30 in the morning, depending on which continent you pick; it is seven miles up, the floor seems solid as a rock and the whole thing seems fantastic and unreal. Such an interval produces confidences from passengers you will never meet again.

The man at the window was telling of his pilgrimage. He had just gone back again, he said, to the little orchard in Normandy where his company camped the second night after D-Day. Little birds sang and the thump of guns was distant. How had he found the place again? Well, he said, he first returned on the fifth anniversary. Absolutely no sign of war left and every Normandy orchard looked exactly alike. But he had incontrovertibly identified the true idyllic spot. How? Because, he said, the grass was a little greener where the latrine used to be.

"Poetic," murmured the quiet man on the aisle. We had a drink on that.

It was my turn, so I told how I had messed things up in Devon. Nothing important but it illustrated the tricky gulfs that yawn for unwary feet in Anglo-Saxon relations. I had simply gone down in the morning in the proper little bed-and-breakfast hotel and automatically reached for *The Daily Telegraph* from an unused table. The landlady came in and created a scene: I had taken Colonel Blimp's paper! Unhappily I pleaded difference in international usage while respectable guests looked on. I don't think I carried the jury. They all turned back to their tea and kippers and I felt I had been blackballed by the club that binds the Establishment together.

Somehow we were suddenly over Greenland. We all craned down. Spectacular snowcapped mountains bared white fangs at us down below. Glacier trails curved from the mountains and finally spilled white flecks of icebergs into a dark sea. It was no more unreal than our own strange time pocket. We were looking down in an interglacial interval on what New York and Chicago had been, and will again someday be.

The quiet man on the aisle had something to say but was having trouble saying it. On his first night in Europe on this trip, he explained, he had been uneasy, unable to sleep. He tossed on a feather bed in an ancient university inn and the bells of the colleges sounded the quarters outside. In the dark he finally snapped on his pocket radio with the earplug in, not to disturb his wife, and found the serene old chamber full of ghostly voices. It was eerie, he said! Every national radio was on the air telling of bombs, nuclear tests and war – mixed with sonatas.

Nothing Much

★ A storm was beating up outside, he noted how Luxembourg came in when he pointed the radio one way; the voice of the "US Armed Forces" another (presumably from Germany) and when he pointed north and turned the knob there were dark mutterings from Moscow. He dozed off, he said, but suddenly static woke him. The radio had fallen over and was pointing up. He was still half asleep, he said, when he heard *this voice*. It was grim and shivery, he said, and it gave him the creeps there in the mysterious dark. First it sounded like a code call; then he figured it out. He lost it and couldn't find it again try as he might.

"What was it saying?" I asked startled. He gave me an odd look "Nothing much," he said. "Just 'Mene, mene, tekel upharsin!' ". . . . I wanted to hear more but just then the loudspeaker said we were over Montreal. No question of time now! We were back in America.

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Between the Extremes

"When people begin to feel desperate they are inclined to seize upon any tools lying ready at hand. If we wish to avoid the utter disaster of war, we had better have at hand some good tools for waging a non-shooting war."
– JOHN FOSTER DULLES, *War or Peace*, 1950.

The President warned last week against our capitulating to "fanatics" or "frenzy." The caution was called for. Nothing is more dangerous to the long-term interests of freedom than the growing tendency to see the alternatives for Berlin as either defeat for the West or defeat for Mr. Khrushchev. They are not the only two options available, and if they are made to seem the only possible outcomes, the prospect for peace, and for freedom, is very dim. The President knows this. His Administration has been quietly and intensively exploring since the middle of the summer what might be done to avert a show-down of force in Europe. But, apparently, this search for alternatives is causing some panic. In this country, in France, and most of all in West Germany, fear is expressed that a new "Munich" is in the making, and that a "deal" over Berlin will be a prelude to further Soviet demands, to which the West must again yield – or go to war. As Terence Prittie reports from Bonn in this issue, the suspicion grows that the West is preparing for a sellout by stages.

What do those who share these forebodings think should be done? It is not clear. Some of the hard-core "fanatics" against whom President Kennedy warned would have us drop the bomb first and "get it over with." (The head of the John Birch Society wants us to "pull out all the stops.") No doubt, a pre-emptive nuclear strike at the Soviet heartland would settle a great many things. But only the simple-minded can believe that it would set men free, that it would make the earth more habitable for the virtues we profess.

Most of the critics of a mutually-advantageous accommodation with the Soviet Union do not, however, go so far as to recommend a first strike. For they are sure that if we act tough, Khrushchev will get "soft." And so they conclude that what matters most at this moment is for us never to suggest that our wills may be weak or that our nerve is failing. This, basically, is behind the schoolboy posturing of Sen. John Tower of Texas who demands that we "draw a line." But the talk-tough school has its more sophisticated advocates. For example, even so estimable and intelligent a commentator as the editor of *The*

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"We Won!"

Reporter magazine is dismayed by "the silent acceptance of the *status quo*" and writes that "if we act quickly and firmly when the Communists do something like the walling of Berlin, then they will not just stop; they will fall back." The West, in other words, must push, and if it pushes hard enough, the Soviet Union will yield, because if it doesn't it will be hit harder.

Such reasoning explains a good deal of what is being written in the American press; for example, the column of Joseph Alsop of October 16. Alsop repeats some figures he attributes to the Pentagon: "The Soviets do not *now* have enough intercontinental ballistic missiles to permit a surprise attack on this country." [Italics added]. But this will soon change if, as the "demonologists are now, unhappily, beginning to forecast," the Communist Party Congress meeting in Moscow "changes the Party line to accord unchallengeable investment priority to the Soviet military budget." And when that happens . . . the US will be at the mercy of the Russians. And what is his moral? Mr. Alsop leaves it undrawn. But if the reader attributes to him the conclusion that it may be prudent for the US to hit first, while there is time, the reader may not be far wrong.

It is possible that Mr. Khrushchev may be cowed by such talk, but something else is possible too. The West Germans and a great many Americans may become so firmly convinced that nuclear war is preferable to any alteration of the *status quo* in Central Europe, that the "fanatics" may become more than an extremist fringe. And if they do, the West will have painted itself into a corner and have become the prisoner of its own propaganda: inhibited in exploring alternatives, fearful of discussing modifications of the *status quo* without incurring the anger of a public to whom accommodation has come to mean "appeasement."

If those who are impatient with the President's restraint were only saying that the Western Alliance cannot allow the Soviet Union to dictate what shall and shall not happen whenever there is conflict between Moscow and Washington, their point is incontestable – and commonplace: Few favor groveling before threats; free men are finished if they fear ever to fight. And if the "hard line" only amounts to saying that the West has a moral, legal and practical commitment to West Berlin not to permit its being squeezed dry – then there are very few who do not go along with "the hard line." But that is not all that is meant. The hardest of the "hard-boiled" seem persuaded that any change that is likely to occur in the near future in Central Europe, any new arrangement to secure Berlin against Communist absorption capable of being reached between Moscow and Washington can only be to freedom's disadvantage; that whatever Mr. Khrushchev proposes is, by definition, antithetical to our welfare; and that the search for areas of common interest – beyond immediate points at issue in Berlin – is evidence of lack of Western self-confidence. And so, if the Russians want to talk about a demilitarized zone or even limiting the spread of nuclear arms in Central Europe, no possible good can come from discussing it. If they refer vaguely to some kind of international status for West Berlin, we must say no, rather than coming forward with a proposal of our own – one, say, for giving all of Berlin some kind of guaranteed independent status and free access to both West and East. If the Soviet Union says the West will have to make its arrangements henceforth with the East Germans if it wishes to cross East German territory (arrangements the West Germans have already made in communications and commerce), we must reply that we have no intention of doing that. If the Oder-Neisse boundary line is a fixed article of faith to the Russians and the Poles, we must regard it as heresy.

Finally, and this is implicit in what Mr. Prittie is reporting from Bonn, we are told that we must do nothing and say nothing that is not welcome to the West Germans. But if one resents the threat of blackmail by Mr. Khrushchev, are we to take gladly the threat of blackmail from Bonn? The West Germans do, after all, have some responsibility for Berlin's future. One reads that the West Berliners are depressed, that they sus-

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pect they are going to be "sold out." If morale in that great city depends entirely on maintaining the illusion that East Germany is going to place itself under the West German Government and that a reunited and democratic Germany will come about in the near future with Berlin as its capital, it is high time West Berliners became disenchanted. That is not going to happen, perhaps not even if we chose to go to war to make it happen. But is there not a "reason for being" in remaining free, in West Berlin's continuing to be prosperous, in continuing to be alive, and in the prospect that West Berlin might become an international city and a thoroughfare between East and West? That is not an insignificant nor impossible prospect.

It would seem only fair that three questions be put to the West Germans. First, do they intend to remain loyal to their alliance with the West? Second, if the Americans are not (and the West Germans on our behalf are not) to "deal" with the East Germans in the coming years, how then are we going to make good on our guarantee to keep open the lines of communication to West Berlin? If East German authorities take over responsibility at check-points on the ground or in communication centers controlling air traffic over their territory, would the West Germans shoot their fellow Germans rather than let them inspect papers? Or would they recommend that American troops do that? And if East German authority in matters of transit is accepted, and if there is no shooting, has the West not partially acknowledged East German sovereignty and given *de facto* recognition?

There is a third question to which no answers have been forthcoming from the West Germans. If, as is reported, a very small minority of the Germans living under Communism are loyal to that regime, do not the West Germans owe it to their fellow Germans to seek as many contacts, to create as many opportunities for influence as possible with East Germany? And if so, how do they propose to do it?

It is ironic that many who would rather risk war than risk any accommodation over Berlin passionately want the free world to "take the initiative." What initiatives? Whenever a new initiative (other than war) is proposed, the stand-patters are aghast. They accuse the proposers of naïveté and a "failure of nerve." But there is a more mature way, a more hopeful way, of looking at this matter. There is a "failure of nerve" when one no longer has confidence in his capacity to deal rationally with his problems, when he passes the limits of his emotional endurance. He cannot "go on like this," living with tension. The ultimate expression of such despair is suicide. "The brave man," Socrates said, "is one who holds his place fearing." A blind man may walk without fear along the edge of a precipice. That is not bravery; it is blindness.

UN Secretariat

The press conference held at the UN October 13 by Valerian Zorin, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, offers hope that the UN will soon have an acting Secretary General. The Soviet Union no longer insists that Dag Hammarskjold be replaced by a "troika." It is prepared to accept an Acting Secretary General – U Thant of Burma, in all probability – until 1963, when Hammarskjold's term would have ended. Nor do the Soviets insist on a three-man staff at the Assistant Secretary level. They would accept four (adding a Latin American), or six (including a Western European and an Eastern European, but not a Finn or Yugoslavian) or seven (so that there might be an Asian or an African Assistant in addition to the Asian Acting Secretary). And the Assistants, Zorin made explicit, would have no veto power over the Secretary's decisions.

What differences remain? Moscow appears to demand a public commitment by the proposed Secretary General concerning the number and geographic distribution of the Assistant Secretaries. It asks also for a commitment that he will consult fully with the Assistants and strive for unanimity among them. In case of disagreement, the Secretary General will have to decide, but "to listen to the views of his Chief Assistant first is essential."

Advance commitments from a "candidate" for Secretary General would be as improper, however, as a Senatorial inquisition into the Constitutional views of appointees to the US judiciary. Nor is it the business of UN members, whether the USSR or the US, to bargain over how many Assistant Secretaries there should be and who they should be. But since, in the present case, the choice of the Acting Secretary General has been virtually made, one may hope questions about how he plans to run his office can be explored privately.

The "numbers issue" should also not be insuperable. Since the Soviet Union does not insist on the "troika" or even a "double troika" in the Secretariat, the US can bury that controversy by accepting a number which cannot be nicely divided into three parts. What Russia now wants, in fact, is parity with the US and parity between NATO and the Warsaw Pact. While the UN Charter contemplated geographic, not political distribution of positions in the Secretariat and notions of parity have no place in the selection of an independent Secretariat, the new Soviet terms are, unlike the "troika," tolerable. Furthermore, the Soviet line gives the US an argument for greater parity of contributions to the regular budget of the organization.

Should the present impasse soon be overcome, the Soviet Union will claim credit – and receive some – for being less destructive than it might have been, and threatened to be when Hammarskjold was alive. There

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will be speculation as to why Russia relented. Did Hammarskjold's death prove less the boon to Russia that many expected? Originally, it was thought that the USSR would be able to hold out for reconstructing the Secretariat on "troika" principles instead of waiting until 1963. Could it be that Russia really believes, as Zorin suggested, that so long as the present deadlock continues, the effective Secretary General would be the American, Andrew Cordier? In any event, Hammarskjold's death may have made matters more difficult for the USSR: a ready target has been removed, and a new, Asian Acting Secretary General will be harder to attack. Moreover, if the Soviets still want the "troika" in 1963, they may have less chance of getting it then than they do today, or of using the "troika" to buy a substantial compromise.

What the Russians have gained from the present crisis is not only a more collegial operation of the Secretariat, but an end to the long isolation of the Soviet Assistant Secretary; the new Acting Secretary General will inevitably give close attention to the views of the USSR, as well as to the majority of members of the Assembly – the Afro-Asians.

Though the integrity of the Secretariat has been saved in principle, it will not be the same Secretariat. The Secretaryship itself is likely henceforth to be an Asia-Africa property. This is bound to affect the character and spirit of the organization and the firmness with which it defends the principles of the Charter as originally conceived. If these are the consequences, the UN will have fewer affirmative roles – except where the new nations are eager for such a role – as in the case of economic development. There will still be room in the UN administration for strong Paul Hoffmans, and it may not prove impossible to mount expeditionary forces to a new Gaza; but another Congo operation must be rated as most improbable.

Scholastic QED

When the Amidon School opened a year ago in the nation's capital, education editors were almost buried by handouts from the Council for Basic Education and other groups fed up with "child centered" elementary schools. Amidon was seen as the long-sought answer to a national need, an experiment designed to test theories that pre-adolescents need not maternal guidance but paternal leadership, not "an endless panel discussion" but "firm grounding in the Three R's."

If D. C. Superintendent Carl Hansen had been a social scientist he might have made a real experiment, establishing not one but two new schools. The second would have been staffed by progressive teachers and would have recruited students who did not want a subject-centered curriculum. At the end of the year these pupils' achievements could have been compared to the Amidon pupils. Perhaps new evidence would have been injected into the traditionalist-progressive debate.

But only one special school was set up – Amidon. As anyone who gave the matter much thought – or merely read *The New Republic* of April 4, 1960 ("Academic Experiment") – might have anticipated, Amidon's eager volunteer pupils learned more from their hand-picked teachers than the average pupil of their age learns from the average teacher. But whether this had anything to do with the philosophy of education or the curriculum at Amidon remains obscure.

The Military as Educator

If Sen. Strom Thurmond has his way, the Special Senate Committee set up at the tail end of the last session to investigate the role of the military in political debate may stir the biggest military-civilian dust-up since Truman fired General MacArthur. The Committee Chairman, Sen. John Stennis (widely regarded as a "civilized" Southerner from Mississippi) does not, however, seem to share Thurmond's hopes. He plans to complete most of the staff work and some hearings before Congress reconvenes in January, and to wind up the whole affair soon after that – leaving the voters plenty of time to turn their attention to other things before November, 1962. But no matter how brief the Committee's life, and how successful its Chairman is in avoiding a smear of Secretary Robert McNamara and the Defense Department, Thurmond is right in thinking that the three areas of the Committee's inquiry outlined by Stennis last month need more study than the Pentagon had previously given them.

Censorship. The Pentagon Clearing House for military speeches is primarily concerned with suppressing information which might be useful to our adversaries. Critics maintain, however, that it also endeavors to suppress speeches and articles which might be useful to opponents of the Administration, even when such information is already available to the Russians. The clearing house *has* vetoed speeches which took definite stands at odds with the Administration. Until recently this has been widely accepted as a necessary adjunct to "keeping the Army out of politics," but since the Fulbright memo and the Walker affair certain conservatives have acquired an unprecedented passion for free speech. They portray censorship as a violation of the spirit, if not the letter, of the First Amendment.

Pentagon officials defend the censorship policy on the ground that if an Army is to have a tight chain of command reaching from the President to the lowest private, it must also have a tight chain of innovation

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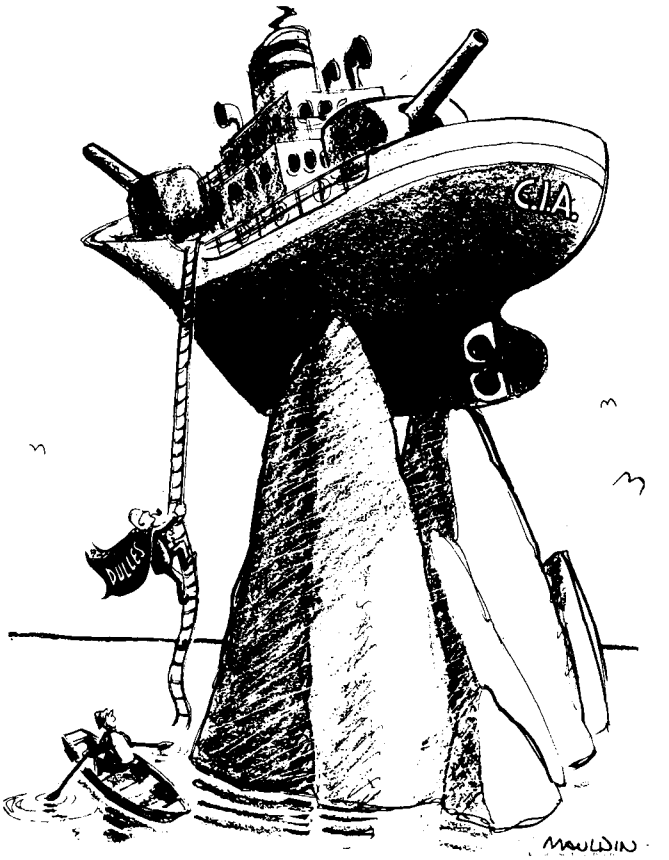
leading from the private to the President. Officers cannot be given absolute authority over civilian recruits unless they are absolutely responsible to a civilian commander. Even when generals can go over the President's head and appeal directly to Congress for support, they tend to start building autonomous feudal baronies. If they start appealing to the public as well, and building up personal followings, we may wind up like a Latin American country in which officers not only dabble in politics (which is in principle no worse than teachers' or business executives' dabbling), but replace politicians as the arbiters of law and order.

So long as the military is expected merely to execute policy rather than to formulate or explain it, this effort to keep controversy within the organization is satisfactory. But when, as has happened since 1945, Defense has a regular, built-in ideological mission, some may expect generals to be spokesmen for their cause. If they are barred for life from public discussion, are they reinforced in a naïve inflexibility of outlook which makes them hopelessly unfit to grasp the setting in which they work? Without such a grasp there will inevitably be trouble in the other two areas up for study by Stennis; military participation in public "information" programs, and the indoctrination of recruits.

Public Information. Ever since 1958 when the National Security Council urged military men to help alert the public to the Communist Menace, men in uniform have been lending their voice and prestige to anti-Communist seminars and forums. Many of these get-togethers are devoted not to analyzing America's foreign enemies, or to discussions of military defense, but to denunciation of domestic "treason." Recently the Defense Department has attempted to curb such ventures, but officers are still not out of the public education business. So long as an Administration relies for propaganda on graduates of West Point and Annapolis (which do not specialize in social and political analysis) at the expense of hiring scholars trained for this in universities which do specialize in ideological and international studies, its publicists are likely to continue to put their feet in the President's mouth occasionally. And so long as this happens, Senator Thurmond and his followers are likely to get up in arms when the blunderer is silenced.

Military Indoctrination. The problems raised by indoctrination of recruits are both more complex and perhaps more important than the problems of civilian education, and will be discussed more fully in the next issue. But current indications are against military training becoming a critical issue in the forthcoming Senate hearings, for both liberals like Senator Fulbright and conservatives like Thurmond appear more concerned with what General Wedemeyer says to Texas businessmen than with what General Walker says to his troops.



Dropping The Pilot

Why John McCone?

The more one inquires into the circumstances of John A. McCone's interim appointment as Director of the Central Intelligence Agency, the more unfathomable the mystery becomes. True, he satisfies the requirement of providing the President with another insulating shield from Republican attacks, since he is not only a Republican but a conservative Republican and a good friend of Richard Nixon's – yet he was not the only Republican who might have been selected. His record as an administrator, as one examines it more closely, is flawed. Indeed, story after story told by associates who have worked under Mr. McCone in Washington confirm that he is an opinionated taskmaster who inspires more fear than confidence or loyalty. There is, moreover, nothing in his background that would have equipped him to understand the politics of this volatile, changing world; nor is he qualified by virtue of previous experience in the intricacies of intelligence.

There may be a clue to the puzzle in a column by the *Baltimore Sun's* Washington correspondent, Thomas O'Neill. "Hints persist," he writes, "that substantial shifts in the function of the hush-hush agency are to be inaugurated along with the change of command in November"; and that, "reservations regarding Mr.

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McCone, an amateur in the spying business, would probably be lifted if the White House divided the responsibilities the CIA has acquired in the 15 years since it was created as the nation's first venture into unceasing intelligence work. He would then provide administration of the assembling, overtly and clandestinely of information." Mr. O'Neill adds that if this happens, the CIA may have taken from it "the function of assaying information."

Regardless of who succeeds Allen Dulles, this separation is essential. Whether or not Mr. McCone stays in CIA, final responsibility for "assaying information" in policy terms should not be given those whose business it is to collect that information. Even so, the CIA Director would have very considerable power. He would still be in charge of the Agency's "black" operations. He, and he very largely alone, would still have day-to-day authority to expend very large sums of money for unnamed, unknown, unaccountable secret projects abroad. It is the Director who, largely on his own, decides which individuals, which political movements, which underground agents, ought to have clandestine help from the United States, and which should not. These are policy decisions – not routine decisions. Forces are set in motion by the commitments of the Director. Backing is given or denied. The US is involved, for good or evil – as we were and perhaps still are in Cuba. This is an awesome power to put into the hands of so limited and so impulsive a man as John A. McCone.

In the Land of Lincoln

One of the more interesting civil rights battles has entered its fifth round in Lake County, Illinois Circuit Court. The battle began when a subsidiary of Modern Community Developers of Princeton, N. J. – the only nationwide firm building and selling houses without reference to skin color – bought two sites in 1959 in the all-white Chicago suburb of Deerfield. The firm planned 51 houses over a 22-acre area, each worth about $30,000-$35,000, which is 50 percent above the Deerfield average. The Village fathers approved the plans; sewer and water lines were laid and work on two samples started.

Then somebody learned that Modern Developers' subsidiary, Progress Development Corporation, intended to sell 10 or 12 homes to Negroes. A Residents' Association was formed and its president began corresponding with the Association of Citizens' Councils, of Greenwood, Miss. Mass meetings were held, petitions circulated, handbills distributed, militant speeches delivered, anonymous threats made. Someone even remembered to burn a cross.

Insisting that it is the least-biased town in all of North America, Deerfield blamed the frenzy on an intolerable park shortage. For years Deerfield has needed parks. It just hasn't wanted to pay for them. But it voted in a referendum to buy up Progress' land – sewers, water lines, two houses and all – for a whopping $10,000 an acre. Deerfield's citizens had

FABLES FOR OUR TIMES:

The Good Wolf, the Wicked Shepherd, and the Revanchist Lamb

There was a Lamb that found itself separated from the flock and trapped inside the territory of a Wolf. A Shepherd stood guard over it, held the Wolf at bay, and kept open a road by which supplies could be brought to it from the flock.

Now the Wolf was a Good Wolf because he stood for Peace. His mission was to liberate all lambs everywhere from their wicked shepherds. When they had all been liberated, he said, there would be no more War.

The Shepherd was a Wicked Shepherd because he obstructed Peace. The Good Wolf pointed out that there was no need for him to protect the Lamb since he would protect it himself – on the sole condition that it was finally cut off from the flock and confided to his care.

Looking on from a distance that they hoped was safe were some newborn Black Lambs. They were Good Lambs because what they stood for was Self-determination for Themselves. When the trapped Lamb said he wanted to self-determine too, in favor of not confiding himself to the Wolf, they all replied that Self-determination was not for him because he was not one of Themselves. They also said the Shepherd was a Colonialist, to which the Wolf added that the Lamb was a Revanchist. So everyone could see that the Shepherd and the Lamb were threatening the Peace by their intransigence.

Moral: If wolves stand for Peace, if shepherds stand for Colonialism, and if lambs are Revanchist, then the shepherds should get out of the way of the wolves.

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voted down land at $4,000 per acre the previous spring.

The Park Board moved to condemn. Round One began next day when Progress sued the Board, the Village fathers and miscellaneous residents for $750,000, charging, in Federal District Court, that a conspiracy was on to deprive the corporation and its clients of their civil rights. Round Two took place concurrently in the Lake County Circuit Court, where Progress fought the condemnation. A Federal District Judge tossed out the damage suit saying that Deerfield, needing parks, simply "struck while the iron was hot." But a US Circuit Court of Appeals, in Round Three, tossed it back in again, ruling Progress is entitled to a trial.

Meanwhile, Judge Bernard Decker, of the Lake County court, approved the condemnation. On Progress' appeal, the Illinois Supreme Court, in Round Four, allowed that the State of Illinois could not permit its right of eminent domain to be used to abridge a Constitutional right. It ordered Judge Decker to try the case and give Progress a chance to prove its contention of "conspiracy."

At present, Deerfield's Park District is taking care of Progress' sample homes – one has been leased to the Village Manager, the other to its Park Superintendent.

Communist Boarding Schools

As advocates of national boarding schools for gifted American students denied the education they deserve by local racism, poverty, or mismanagement, we have watched the rapid development of Soviet boarding schools with a mixture of admiration and alarm. *Pravda* has recently written that "it is necessary that these *shkoly internaty* become the model of the school of the future," and apparently they are doing just that. Initiated in 1956 they have already become pilot schools for the introduction of the universal polytechnical education decreed in late 1958.

Starting at zero in 1956, the regime has managed to enroll more than 600,000 pupils to date. By the end of the current Seven-Year Plan in 1965, 2.5 million pupils are to live and study in the *internats*. If the present rate of expansion can be maintained, Khrushchev should obtain his objective of abolishing day schools by the 1980's. One important consequence of this development may be to free increasing numbers of women from household chores, and thus produce some of the extra 5-6 million women workers called for by 1965 in the current Seven-Year Plan.

Another consequence, as *Pravda* notes, is that the removal of children from their parents "provides the most advantageous conditions for educating the youth in the spirit of Communism." The schools are apparently expected to provide pupils not only with technical skills but with a loyalty to the regime and its economic managers which can withstand revisionism, a new "Workers Opposition," and even open revolt.

Stanislav G. Strumilin, Lenin Prize Winner in the social sciences, former Gosplan executive, and a ranking ideologue on future Communist institutions wrote recently in *Novy Mir* that, "Children's collectives are incomparably better suited to giving the most thorough inculcation of the best social habits in a child than the most loving and attentive mother." Strumilin disallows "private ownership of toys, skates or bicycles. All gifts from the outside, edible or not, enter the common pool for all." The general aims of the curriculum are: "elimination of private-ownership psychology"; voluntary obedience and adherence to Communist moral strictures, without recourse to overt punishment, except "the force of opinion in the collective itself"; "love for the Motherland and the cause of Communism and hate for the enemies of Communism"; and "joyful, comradely communion."

"Order and discipline must prevail at all times and in all things," reads one description of the regimen in boarding schools. But the regimen sometimes becomes too strict; B. Y. Shirvindt complains in the journal *Soviet Pedagogy* of "the extremely oppressive and fatiguing regimen of certain boarding schools." The Minister of Education of the Russian Soviet Federated Socialist Republic, Eugene I. Afanasenko, wrote recently in *Izvestia* of one *internat* whose curriculum left no room for any outdoor activity whatsoever. The pupils consequently appeared pale and tired. Other educators have complained publicly of various other shortcomings: oppressively crowded and noisy dining halls where students must eat in several shifts; hastily installed teachers with little or no professional training; leveling of outstanding students by thoughtless mixing of them with the less gifted, and even occasionally with "problem children"; unwieldy "giant" *internats* containing as many as 900 pupils; "selfish" parents who butt in.

Despite these criticisms, the schools apparently have great appeal, at least among workers and peasants who constitute 90 percent of their parental patrons. (Enrollment is still voluntary.) Tuition, room, and board are free if pupils are in the lowest economic bracket. Rates are scaled upwards to a moderate 30 rubles per month for the moderately well-off. In return, children in the better-equipped *internats* watch television in the "Pioneer Room," play in the gyms and swimming pools (in the few schools that have them), and participate in hobby and study circles.

Exeter and Groton, with their selective admissions and fat tuitions, are not likely to envy these Russian ventures, but perhaps educators who now deal with children who return daily to a farm or slum will find the Soviet innovations provocative.

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Qassem and the Kurds

All summer, tales of trouble with the highlanders have been seeping out of Iraq. Now, Premier Qassem has seen fit to confirm them, but only by announcing that the worst is over. He adds the overworked comment that their rebellion was a British maneuver. Both tales probably contain more fantasy than fact.

The Kurds are individualists. They are the mountain clansmen of northern Iraq and bear much the relation that the 18th Century highland Scots did to England except that, in point of numbers, they form a third of Iraq's total population. Other Kurds, proportionately less important, live in eastern Turkey, and northwestern Persia, with small fringes in Syria and the Soviet Union. Their language is related to Persian, and if President Wilson had had the means to press his ideals, they would no doubt have become an independent Kurdistan, along with Armenia, in 1919. But British arms, Kemal's Turkish renascence, and US withdrawal from the fray produced other results: the Kurds remained problem children, chiefly for Iraq.

Jaunty, cut-throat and brave, they keep their identity and wear their bulky national dress with the same swagger as the Scotsman wears his kilt; they even share his gait. Saladin was a Kurd and his descendants inherited some of his characteristics. They provide Iraq's best soldiers, its most thrusting administrators, its boldest progressives and, since oil was discovered in their foothills in 1927, its most useful oil workers.

Qassem, who lays claim to some Kurdish blood, counted on their support from the start, and got it. They helped him to put down a pro-Nasser revolt at Mosul in 1959. He welcomed the exiled leader of their Barzani clan home from Russia and promised him privileges and development. But the Kurds got neither, and slowly the Coca Cola bottles they had come to carry in their holsters have reverted to pistols. Clan quarrels have broken out and constrained Baghdad to take sides. Sliding on down the slope, it found itself stopping their mouths, banning their press and thwarting their federalist aims. The Baghdad office of their democratic party is for rent. If, as is possible, Qassem's lunge at Kuwait was an effort to rally them to a nationalist cause, it was a failure. The Basra garrison that was to have executed the *coup* (if no one objected) is largely Kurdish, but is said to have been lukewarm about moving.

Yet Qassem must take the Kurds seriously for the oil of their foothills is his life blood. The Kurds have been careful not to emerge onto the plains or tackle large wars, but they are operating very close to Kirkuk – site of the installations manned by Standard and Socony, Shell and British Petroleum. They could do themselves no good by moving into the plains, but a dictator who fails to cope with their nationalism not only damages unity but exposes his life line to risk. One quixotic result of an awkward situation is that, in order to awe them, Qassem has sent a military mission to buy arms in Moscow, no doubt for his preponderantly Arab air force.

Such comfort as he gets in the Kremlin will probably be chilly. For Moscow likes Kurds. By its standards they represent a useful irritant to our allies – the Turks and the Persians – and it may well set more store by them than by Qassem as an instrument of policy.

Progress in Panama

As President Roberto F. Chiari of Panama completes his first year in office he can look back upon a fair amount of economic and social progress. Agricultural production, aided by one of the most successful Point IV programs in the hemisphere, is increasing; and for the first time fruits and vegetables are being sold in the lucrative US market. A $45 million refinery on the Atlantic Coast will shortly begin operation, the free trade depot at Colon is booming, and plans to join the emerging Central American Common Market are in the drafting stage. The Canal, which contributes in wage payments, purchases, and tourism an amount greater than the national budget, is enjoying a long-term boom, and the US-built $20 million bridge across it at Balboa is nearing completion. As an added windfall, Panama has inherited 6,500 tons of the Cuban sugar quota, an amount large enough to cause feverish expansion in the canefields. (The Chiari family, which controls virtually all sugar production, will enjoy $1 million additional gross receipts this year.) Holdings of gold and foreign exchange have increased 30 percent over last year, and the colon remains tied to the dollar as the hardest currency in Latin America.

Relations with the US have also improved since their low point during the riots over the display of the Panamanian flag in the Canal Zone late in 1959. During his last year in office, President Eisenhower did much to mend matters; a compromise over the flag issue, a 10-percent wage increase for Panamanians employed in the Zone, a housing program, and a "Buy in Panama" policy satisfied a number of grievances voiced by the urban middle classes. US Ambassador Joseph S. Farland, who combines energy and affability, has done an excellent job of getting out into the back country and meeting people. The Governor of the Zone, Major General William A. Carter, has also tried with some success to persuade the 3,500 American families who live in a little island of luxury in Balboa to mingle more with their Panamanian neighbors. Social and racial discrimination, a hangover from the old days of the

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"Gold Roll" and the "Silver Roll," is difficult to eradicate; Adlai Stevenson has called it "the greatest problem we face in Panama." American civil engineers and agricultural experts sent out to farm areas, on the other hand, have aroused enthusiasm not only for their technical skills but for their friendliness.

But there's another side to this progress report. Most of those who live on the land (two-thirds of Panama's one million people) are wretchedly poor; less than one farmer in 12 owns the land he works, and only three percent of the nation's land area is under cultivation. The 50 families who own the land and monopolize political office do not appear to be wise enough, or frightened enough, to yield a part of their privileges. The tax structure is heavily regressive, and a comprehensive scheme for real estate tax reform, resettlement, and colonization on idle government-owned land was allowed to die in last year's National Assembly. Landless peasants, the restive employees of United Fruit (who won a wage increase last year only after a bitter and bloody strike) and the unemployed slum-dwellers in Colon and Panama City already have their *fidelista* spokesmen in the newspaperman Jorge Turner and the frankly pro-Communist Andres Galvan, a Negro who addresses himself to the 90 percent of the population that is Negro, Indian or *mestizo*. Different kinds of discontent are rife among the University students; with supervisory posts in the Zone barred to them and only a limited number of government positions available, many take semi-skilled jobs.

In his address to the opening session of the National Assembly last week, President Chiari played down the touchy question of social reform. Instead he emphasized older and politically safe grievances: the "tenacious and constant struggle" for sovereignty in the Canal Zone, and Panama's claim to a larger share of the Canal revenues. While the situation remains calm, the US might indeed take steps to satisfy these demands. The Canal's strategic value, in the ICBM age, has diminished; a number of our largest carriers are already unable to use it. Allowing the Panamanian flag to fly at additional places in the Zone, and permitting Panamanians to become Canal pilots would lessen irritation. Similarly, Washington might consider an increase in the $1.9 million rent paid for the Zone. The cost of the Canal was amortized long ago, and after all operating expenses are paid the current toll structure yields a net profit which goes to the US Treasury. President Chiari's ambitious $207 million development program will need help, which we are pledged to give under the Alliance for Progress. An increase in revenues from the Canal, which could be financed by a moderate increase in tolls, would bulk large in a nation whose annual budget is only $65 million.

THE BEGINNING OF WEST GERMANY'S AGONIZING REAPPRAISAL

Is America Deserting Us?

A West German newspaper and a West German press service have made suggestions which give some idea of how badly shaken is the confidence of thinking Germans in the Western Alliance. A correspondent of the influential *Die Welt* has proposed that the West Germans should settle for a Franco-German Entente, which would "naturally" be much weaker in a military sense than the existing Western Alliance but "would perhaps be politically much stronger and more dynamic." A correspondent of the Refugee Press Service in Goettingen, on the other hand, suggests that what is needed is a "little summit" consisting of Khrushchev and Adenauer – on the grounds that the Federal Chancellor once was able to bring back the German prisoners-of-war from the Soviet Union and might now secure a better deal for the suffering 17 million East Germans. How great is this loss of confidence by the Germans in the will and ability of their allies, and with whom is it especially connected? The second question is the more easily answered. Dr. Adenauer's Christian Democrats and, to a lesser degree, the Social and Free Democratic parties too, are reasonably satisfied with President de Gaulle. Optically at least, de Gaulle takes the same view as the West Germans: Since August 13 the French have proposed nothing, advised nothing. It is one of the worst confusions of present-day German thinking that this French attitude is assumed to indicate complete agreement with "legitimate" German aims. In reality, it indicates nothing more than readiness to accept the political *status quo* in Europe – because France has many other outside commitments, because she is not at all interested in seeing Germany reunified and

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because she is able to dominate European institutions in which rump-Germany is a member.

West German politicians and pundits have been chronically suspicious of Britain, and the resolutions passed by the Liberal and Labour parties in recent weeks on German questions have confirmed these suspicions. On the other hand, the British Foreign Secretary, Lord Home, has been forthright and firm, and it is to Britain's credit – in German eyes – that it has not proposed concessions over Germany in advance of actual negotiations with the Soviet Union.

The periodic proposal of concessions by leading Americans is precisely what has shaken West German faith in the United States – for the first time, to a real degree, since the Federal Republic came into being 12 years ago. First General Lucius Clay, President Kennedy's personal representative in Berlin, talked of possible recognition of the East German Republic and concessions over the control of West Berlin's land communications. Then Senator Humphrey spoke on the likely recognition of the Oder-Neisse line as Germany's Eastern frontier. Next came Senator Fulbright's arguments in favor of military disengagement in Europe and the restriction of nuclear arms in Germany, along with his admission that the West might bear some of the responsibility for the Berlin crisis. Even President Kennedy's occasional references to Germany have done little to restore confidence. What, after all, the Refugee Press Service asked, was the gist of his statements? The answer – the United States was prepared to stand firm over Berlin, but was equally prepared to offer concessions "in every question related to the restoration of Germany's political unity, as well as in the question of the German contribution to Western defense."

Die Welt has posed the improbable question as to whether "Roosevelt's hate of Germany" is coming to life again. The *Dusseldorfer Nachrichten* talks of the "monumental stupidity" of strewing concessions in front of the Soviet juggernaut. The *Deutsche Zeitung* wails over the losses and indignities which the German people had suffered already. A prominent Social Democrat, Wenzel Jaksch, launched a violent personal attack on Senator Humphrey, and a Christian Democrat, Ernst Majonica, expressed what is now the standard German attitude – that the Soviet Union will snap up any concessions that are offered and will then ask for a great many more. The voice of Munich's *Sueddeutsche Zeitung* – calling for the sweeping away of illusions, the reversal of a 12-year German policy of total inactivity on the reunification issue, and the exploration of disengagement – has been a lone cry in the wilderness.

The West Germans have balked persistently at the thought that a moment of truth might come some day. They have hoped at least that it could be postponed indefinitely. Now, with an international crisis upon them, they are being urged by their leaders to make no movement, forward or backward, but simply assume that all Khrushchev's threats and proposals are part of a huge bluff. Only negative arguments are advanced – any recognition of the East German Republic must be avoided as it might further delay reunification (which is out of sight anyway), restriction of nuclear weapons in Germany would weaken NATO, any kind of regional arms limitation would crystallize the *status quo*. Jaksch's main complaint against Senator Humphrey was that recognition of the Oder-Neisse line would lead to recognition of "the Elbe-Werra line, which runs through the heart of Germany." The Free Democrats maintain that the West is ready to give away tricks in the game, in return for "a worse position in Berlin than before" – in fact, a slippery foothold in a West Berlin which has been hermetically sealed off from the rest of the city since August 13.

All the political parties are intent on proving themselves worthy of the confidence reposed in them by sections of the electorate. They shrink from associating themselves with any act which could in the future be labeled as unpatriotic. And whereas both the Social and Free Democrats are ready to develop German ideas for a solution of the German problem, the Christian Democrats remain sadly static in their thinking, propping themselves up insecurely on the undoubted good faith but more operative disinterest of de Gaulle.

On October 5, the West German Press Chief, Felix von Eckardt, was still saying that no concessions could be made to the Soviet Union over the Oder-Neisse line or recognition of the East German Republic, and that concessions were not even being contemplated. How, then, was agreement to be reached over Berlin? Herr von Eckardt was opaque, but like other political spokesmen he indicated that the Germans themselves would be in favor of going into winter quarters in the now thoroughly isolated city.

Unless the British and Americans can restore West German confidence in their ultimate intentions, they are likely to find that they not only have no carte blanche for negotiating with Khrushchev, but that they have no carte at all. Unless Mr. Kennedy is willing to ride roughshod over the passions of a loyal ally, which he apparently is not, he will have difficulty proposing any bargain acceptable to Khrushchev. Perhaps this will mean preserving the *status quo*, as most Germans hope and therefore expect. Perhaps, on the other hand, it will pave the way to a "local" military solution in which nuclear power plays a passive part. At least as regards Berlin such a localization of conflict would leave Ulbricht virtually free to dictate his own terms.

TERENCE PRITTIE

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A Slight Case of McCarthyism

Pittsburgh

It still happens. A University of Pittsburgh history professor has been under attack since early this year for his views on Castro and Cuba, his membership in allegedly subversive organizations, and his service with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade during the Spanish Civil War. The professor is Robert G. Colodny, formerly of the University of California, San Francisco State College, Wesleyan University (Conn.), and the University of Kansas. A specialist in the history of science and the history of revolutions, he came to Pitt in 1959.

The attack has been led by the *Pittsburgh Press* – local outlet for the Scripps-Howard chain. It started with an interview carried on its front page for Sunday, January 15, in which the paper quoted Dr. Colodny as saying that he believed Cuba might become "another Spain" through outside intervention in her revolution.

Although in substance that was no more than many others were saying at the time, *Press* reporter William Gill, by using a series of italicized parenthetical editorial notes to link up the professor's statements with events and facts not immediately germane, made the article in effect a charge of subversion.

For example:

– Dr. Colodny was said to have fought with the Abraham Lincoln Brigade during the Spanish Civil War and, the story noted, "The Communist-led Abraham Lincoln Brigade still tops the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. . . ." (The University's student newspaper pointed out that the Attorney General's list is in alphabetical order.)

– The professor had been employed in Mexico by the government while Lazaro Cardenas was President and, "Only this week it was disclosed in the *Press* that a Communist-linked Latin American 'peace congress' . . . was planned last month in the home of former Mexican President Lazaro Cardenas."

– Dr. Colodny had "signed a statement issued by the 'Fair Play For Cuba Committee', an openly pro-Castro organization," and among other signers were "drama critic Kenneth Tynan, who staged a British TV program last spring featuring, among other 'distinguished American dissenters', Alger Hiss."

– On the wall behind the door in the professor's University office was a souvenir poster from the Spanish Civil War. The poster bore the legend "UGT, Federacion Nacionale La Edificacion." The organization, reporter Gill explained, "was a known Communist organization during the Spanish Civil War."

Two days after the article appeared, Pennsylvania state Representative John T. Walsh of nearby McKeesport – who in the intervening 48 hours had announced his candidacy for the mayoralty of that town in the Democratic primary – denounced Dr. Colodny in the state legislature and introduced a two-part resolution calling for an investigation of Pitt and of "anti-US sentiment" in all state-aided schools.

Rep. Francis E. Walter (D, Pa.), Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, disclosed exclusively to the *Press* that his Committee's files contained "many mentions" of Dr. Colodny, although the professor himself had never appeared before that body.

Pennsylvania Supreme Court Justice Michael A. Musmanno, who apparently had no other connection with the case, told the *Press* that Dr. Colodny "would have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to know . . . that if anyone lifted Castro's beard he would find the Communist manifesto wrapped around his neck."

American Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars groups in the area joined in the fracas and pressed for a state investigation. And, the *Press* asked editorially "how a scholar with the requisite degrees to land a place on the Pitt history faculty can so misread current events as to find that the murderous, Communist-dominated tyranny of Fidel Castro is merely an 'agrarian reform' movement."

For his part, Dr. Colodny told the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, the only other newspaper in the city following the demise of Hearst's *Sun-Telegraph*, that "under no circumstances could it be said that I either supported or attacked the Cuban Government." He claimed he had merely given his views as an historian and that they had been misconstrued. The *Post-Gazette*, in an editorial headed "Fair Play for Professor," called the proposed investigation "an educational witch-hunt."

Similarly worded criticisms of the *Press* and Representative Walsh also were expressed by American Association of University Professors' chapters and members at Pitt and neighboring Carnegie Tech, Chatham, Duquesne, and Mount Mercy colleges; the American Civil Liberties Union, SANE (Colodny is vice Chairman of the local chapter), The Friends Meeting of the Quaker Church, and noted Pittsburgh Catholic priest, Father Charles Owen Rice.

To them, the *Press* replied: "The defenders of Dr.

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Robert G. Colodny . . . get more and more frenzied. . . . Familiar words and phrases crop up in these defenses – 'smear', 'innuendo', 'witch-hunt' and 'guilt by association' – phrases invariably invoked when left-wingers are exposed."

Pitt's Chancellor Edward H. Litchfield also defended Dr. Colodny, saying that as required by law the University had attested to the professor's loyalty when it hired him and that it had "found nothing substantive to date which would cause us to doubt his loyalty now." But as the attacks mounted, Dr. Litchfield announced the appointment of a three-man fact-finding committee to inquire further into the matter.

If nothing else, the move had the effect of forestalling a state inquiry. When the Walsh resolution finally was brought up for a vote in the legislature on April 26, it was defeated 125 to 69 with 12 abstentions, despite the fact that Walsh claimed to have new information, including the transcript of a 1938 radio broadcast in Chicago on which Dr. Colodny allegedly admitted he was a Communist.

The subject of the radio broadcast came up again in early June, when Dr. Colodny suddenly appeared in Washington as a subpoenaed witness before HUAC. The committee was investigating tax-exempt foundations. The professor once had applied to one of the suspect foundations for a research grant. He didn't get it, but HUAC called him in anyway. The hearing was supposed to be in executive session, but a committee member (reliably reported to be Rep. Gordon Scherer) leaked a purported summary of Dr. Colodny's testimony to the *Press*, which used it in a front-page story headlined: "Memory Has Failed, Colodny Tells Probe."

The substance of the *Press*' report was that Dr. Colodny's "memory had been affected by a head injury during the Spanish Civil War and he couldn't recall" the broadcast or labeling himself a Communist. The final make-over of the *Press* for June 1 dropped the reference to memory and merely reported that Colodny, while admitting membership and activity in a number of alleged fronts, had "declared under oath" that he was not and never had been a Communist Party member. But by that time, the initial story had been picked up by radio-TV and the damage had been done.

Dr. Colodny, in the next morning's *Post-Gazette*, said that while it was true he had suffered a head injury which affected his memory, he did recall the broadcast and had told the Committee so. He also said that he had told them the so-called transcript was actually an outline prepared before the broadcast; that it was inaccurate, and on the air he had described his political beliefs as "anti-fascist," not Communist. He told the *Post-Gazette*, too, that he had denied under oath before the Committee that he was or ever had been a Communist. Only two or three questions during his more than five hours of testimony, the professor added, had been related to tax-exempt foundations.

Meanwhile, the University's own investigating committee was going into the charges in great detail, though without fanfare. The report turned over to Chancellor Litchfield consisted of 150 pages of staff findings and several thousand pages of testimony.

The Chancellor's findings were issued on June 12 in the form of a seven page open letter to Gwilym Price, Chairman of Pitt's Board of Trustees. In it, he absolved Dr. Colodny of charges of subversion and said the professor was "a loyal American . . . an exceptionally gifted scholar and inspiring teacher" who "exhibits exceptional independence of thought and action, according to his own conscience, in both his scholarly and societal pursuits. . . . No action on the part of the University is warranted and none shall be forthcoming."

Dr. Litchfield also took the opportunity to lecture the community: "An American university is by definition a place of free inquiry. . . . Its role in society postulates question, criticism, controversy, debate and doubt in all matters, social as well as scientific. . . . The University embraces and supports the society in which it operates, but it knows no established doctrines, accepts no ordained patterns of behavior, acknowledges no truth as given. . . .

"I would respectfully suggest that those who publicly try by innuendo and condemn by inference are not different from those who purge without a hearing; that intemperance and absolutism are equally dangerous whether they arise from within or without; that vigilance like Janus must look in both directions. . . ."

The *Press* answered that, "It is a peculiar form of scholarship which focuses to such a large extent in the field of subversion. . . . It is all very well for the pseudo-liberals to hail the Litchfield report as a great victory for the spirit of inquiry and the defense of freedom . . . . We find Dr. Litchfield's preachments on the subject less than reassuring."

Representative Walsh was quoted as decrying the report and objecting to the fact that the Chancellor had released only his own statement and not the entire record of the University investigating committee. "I'm just getting started on this," Walsh told the *Press*. He promised to push his fight through veterans groups around the state. In July, when the Veterans of Foreign Wars met in state convention at Pittsburgh, they passed a resolution calling on the state legislature to withhold all Pitt appropriations until the entire record of the Colodny hearing was made public.

But Colodny is still at Pitt. And when an editor of *The National Review* came to Pittsburgh several weeks ago and said he knew Colodny in Chicago Communist-front groups in the thirties, nobody got very excited.

JOSEPH G. COLANGELO, JR.

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What Is Ideology?

Harry Simple Discusses Faith and Marxism

by Louis J. Halle

I've always thought, myself, that the men who brought Socrates into court had something when they accused him of "making the worse appear the better cause." I don't say he should have been sentenced to death for that. But what *are* you going to do with these self-styled philosophers?

Take my friend Harry Simple, who deliberately goes around messing up people's minds. It's all right to talk about free speech, and I'm all for it, but when everyone knows something is true then nobody ought to argue that it isn't.

Now, you ask any of our intellectuals and they'll tell you that the Soviet Union today is under the rule of the Communist ideology – or the ideology called "Marxism-Leninism," if you want to be fancy about it. This Marxism-Leninism is an ideological movement that was started more than a century ago to bring about the overthrow of Capitalism and to make the Workers of the World supreme in every country. Under Lenin it overthrew Capitalism in Russia and the Workers of the World have been supreme there ever since. Now it's bent on making them supreme all over the map.

Harry says this is a lot of hooey. He says Marxism-Leninism is mostly just a label, but the reality is that of an old-fashioned despotic empire that is trying to make itself supreme over the rest of the world. That business of the workers taking over the factories, which Marx had in mind, hasn't happened even in Russia, he says, where the state has taken over the factories and the workers too.

Harry says the reason why the intellectuals give so much credit to the ideological claims of Moscow is that they are specialists in ideology. They are merely exalting the importance of their own specialty. If they were astronomers, he says, they'd attribute the policy of Moscow to sunspots.

He also says that intellectuals, by their professional concern with ideas, live in a nominal world rather than the real world. Therefore, when a government enslaves a lot of people in the name of "liberation," what it does is likely to be taken for liberation by intellectuals. When Stalin operates a personal Reign of Terror in the name of "Marxism-Leninism," this seems like Marxism-Leninism to them rather than like a Reign of Terror. And at last, when Khrushchev says Stalin didn't represent Marxism-Leninism at all, that he represented the "Cult of Personality," and that he himself (Khrushchev) represents Marxism-Leninism, then they conclude that Russia had strayed from the paths of Marxism-Leninism and that Khrushchev has brought it back again. Because the nominal situation is what counts for them at any given time – whether 1920, 1940 or 1960 – what Moscow represents at any given time is always the ideology of Marx and Lenin.

One day when Harry had been peddling this line to me I said to him: "It beats me how you can say the ideology is only a phony and doesn't count when everybody knows we are living in a period, like the Wars of Religion, when ideological conflict is the whole thing."

"I didn't say the ideology didn't count," he replied. "On the contrary, it's the most important element in the picture."

"Harry," I said, "if you don't mind my pointing it out you've just gone and contradicted everything you've been saying. I don't follow."

"The point I was making," he said, "was that our intellectuals and experts in ideology tend to take the nominal for the real. Well – a lot of the boys in Moscow are intellectuals and experts in ideology too."

"You mean they're taken in like our experts, they believe in the supremacy of ideology too?"

"Right."

"Then they really believe that what they represent is Marxism-Leninism, not just crude power politics and empire building."

"Right."

"But, if they believe that, then they're not phonies after all!"

"I never said they were. They can believe they represent the ideology and that they are governed by it, and at the same time not represent it and not be governed by it."

"Harry," I said, "I'm just old John Q. Citizen, and what you're saying is gobbledygook to me."

"I've already made the point," he went on, "that the real world is one thing and the nominal world, to which ideology belongs, is something different. This doesn't mean that what happens in the real world isn't influenced by the nominal world. It doesn't mean it isn't influenced by ideology. But the actual effect of an ide-

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ology on the world of reality is likely to be quite different from its nominal effect. Often the actual effect is the opposite of the nominal effect."

"I still don't know what you're talking about," I said. "Try saying it in English."

"Well, then – let me give you an example. Christ came into the world and preached certain things, which then became the nominal basis of the Christian ideology. One thing he preached was poverty. Another was peace – not to smite one's fellow man and, if he smote you, to turn the other cheek. Nominally, then, Christians were people who embraced poverty and turned the other cheek. But, in reality, they came to be immensely rich and warlike. In the Middle Ages even bishops girt on their swords and rode into battle, carrying the Gospel of Christ in their left hands.

"Now, I say that anyone who thinks Christendom represents poverty and peace is mistaking the nominal for the real. The only thing one can say that Christendom represents is a sort of allegiance, not to the person of Christ or to what he stood for, but simply to the name of Christ. Christians, as such, may deck themselves in gold and jewels, and they may ride forth to battle, but they do it in the name of Christ. In the same way, the Commies may enslave the workers, and they may establish military empires over alien peoples, but they do it in the name of Marx – or in the name of Marxism-Leninism. Communists like Christians are true believers – they are true believers in a name."

"Let's come to the point, Harry," I said. "What you were maintaining was that, in spite of the fact that it's a phony, the ideology called Marxism-Leninism is an immense force in the world today, especially in its influence on what the boys in Moscow do."

"It's a nominal force," he said, "the force of the name – and there is no greater force in the world. The self-identification people make with the name, whether it is that of Christ or that of Marx, gives them a sense of representing the Higher Truth. When Christians go into battle against Saracens, the name of Christ is what makes them feel that Higher Truth, and therefore ultimate victory, are on their side – even when what they are fighting for is the spice trade, or something else that has equally little to do with what Christ preached. In the same way, the boys in Moscow, waging an aggressive war for imperial conquest and the enslavement of foreign peoples, are convinced ultimate victory is in the bag because they represent Historical Inevitability. They are convinced of this simply because Marxism-Leninism is inscribed on their banners. But their Marxism-Leninism has nothing to do with what Marx or Lenin taught, and it has nothing to do with the historical inevitabilities Marx prophesied."

"But Harry," I objected, "we all know that these boys in Moscow follow the book. They go by what Marx and Lenin wrote down."

"I see that you still haven't grasped the pervasiveness of the distinction I've been making between the nominal and the real," he said, returning to his jargon. "Nominally, they follow the book; in reality, the book follows them."

"Now you're talking in riddles."

"Look," he said, "what is the primary job of the scholars who interpret the Bible, or of those who interpret Marx and Lenin. It consists in the constant adaptation by interpretation of what is written down and held sacred. If Christ said, 'Love thy neighbor', and if you have a neighbor whom you prefer to hate, then by scholarly exegesis you come to the conclusion that the man you prefer to hate is not your neighbor in the sense in which Christ used the word. If Lenin said war was 'inevitable', and you have come round to feeling that the evitability of war is essential to the cause, then by exegesis you come to the conclusion that Lenin didn't mean it was 'fatally' inevitable."

There was a pause. "Harry," I said at last, "if what you've been trying to do is mess up my mind, you've succeeded. For the moment you've almost shaken my belief in Communism – I mean, that is, my belief in ideology. But you haven't quite, because I still believe that the ideology must have some validity, it must be something more than a name."

"It's something more than a name," he said, "in the sense that the conviction of having exclusive possession of the Truth is something more. If you believe that Christ is on your side, then you must believe that Christ is against your enemies, and this gives your hostility toward them a fanatical and implacable character. If you believe that Karl Marx and history are on your side, that has the same effect. Anything you do in the sacred name is right, and anyone who opposes you represents anti-Christ – or anti-Marx. This is the real importance of the ideology – this, and not its doctrinal content. The Commies could follow precisely the policy they are following, but in the name of Mohammed instead of Marx. They could do it in the name of Christ."

"The real trouble with what you're saying," I replied, "is that it doesn't distinguish between a true ideology and a false one."

"The distinction between true and false," he replied, "may be quite sound and still be irrelevant. Every ideology, right or wrong to begin with, is corrupted as soon as it becomes a political movement – as soon, that is, as it falls into the politicians' hands. What Christ taught can have the same uses as what Marx taught."

Well, there it is! Sometimes even I, who am broad-minded and believe in freedom of speech, think maybe someone ought to give Harry a good dose of hemlock, the way they did with old Socrates.

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Francois Mitterand

A Traveler To China

A former Minister of State, Minister of Overseas Territories and chairman of the moderate, left-of-center UDSR party in France records some impressions of his recent trip to China.

I. Conversation with Mao

Mao Tse-tung greeted me in Hangchow, an ancient and charming town, twice the capital of the Empire, famous for its temples, its ageless tombs, its lake dotted with islands. When the car he had sent stopped in front of the large and simple house, surrounded by lawns and with a mountain backdrop – the house which he likes to return to several times a year – he immediately walked toward me and, after the usual greetings, led me to a large, rectangular room: a desk, a lamp with a green velvet shade, a cane chair with an oval back, a few deep armchairs covered with green velvet (a replica of the drapes which were hiding the windows), a radio, a television set, two small tables for ashtrays and tea cups. While a young man poured hot water over the green tea leaves in our cups, he opened a pack of cigarettes, praised the Chinese tobacco and, not insisting when I said no, kept smoking with obvious pleasure.

During these preliminaries, I observed my famous host. I compared this living man with the numerous official representations and I did some retouching. I noticed his fine, full face, that seems to have been spared by time and work, his half-closed eyelids (quickly raised when he becomes excited), his easy and open laughter, his wide forehead without wrinkles in spite of his 67 years. His friends say that in Hangchow, two years ago, he once again swam across the Yangtze River – as he has liked to do since his youth and as he described it in one of his poems. Still, his occasionally fast breathing, the slight curve of his shoulder, his soft, low voice reveal a fragility and betray an effort, perhaps a physical weariness. His attitude was characterized by extreme courtesy, a quiet straightforwardness. Like so many of his compatriots, his well-groomed hands were tucked, almost cosily, inside the long sleeves of a closed-collared, gray cotton jacket which, except for the color, is the same as that hundreds of millions of Chinese have been wearing since Sun Yat-sen.

Our conversation lasted two hours. In the course of it Mao asked:

"Why is France always right up there when we are being criticized? We have no disagreements with France. Ah yes! There is Algeria! It seems that the officers in your army are very much interested in China and in me. I have even been told that my writings on revolutionary warfare were the object of their thoughts. Well! I have the impression that they haven't read them carefully enough. Only people who fight for independence will find useful lessons in them. As for the others, they will always miss the main point. . . . First the Japanese, then Chiang Kai-shek tried to apply our own methods against us. You know the results! A seed will only grow in the right kind of soil. Why are Africa and China moving in the same direction? Because China has vanquished foreign occupation, then military oppression; because it is poor, because it has reached the first stage of its development under conditions comparable to those which Africa, in its turn, confronts."

I tried to interrupt in order to underline what distinguished the Algerian drama from the usual phenomenon of decolonization. No French government worthy of the name, I insisted, will negotiate if it cannot obtain serious and lasting guarantees for the European community in Algeria – and these guarantees cannot be limited to the assurance that the Moslem majority will not physically eliminate the minority. He was content to answer, "Negotiate first, and on an equal basis. In this way France will put across her point of view."

It was evident that he didn't want the interview to dwell too long on this question. He turned to Laos.

"The truth is that they [the US] want to encircle, to isolate China. Today Laos, yesterday the arbitrary Taiwan operation, the refusal of the big Western powers to admit reality. Have we ever occupied or tried to occupy France, England, or the USA? But have our adversaries looked at a map? The way we are treated is neither reasonable nor serious."

Mao spoke softly, without raising his voice, almost with detachment. At this moment, he turned directly toward me and laughed:

"You know, we are patient. We can wait ten years, thirty years, a hundred years. China will always be China. It doesn't ask for anything. In a hundred years,

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it will be even less easy to ignore it! . . . But what is a century in the history of a country? In 1900 the German Empire produced less steel than we did 60 years later. It goes fast when the masses set to work. At the time when Alexander Dumas' son was writing *Camille* (and as the interpreter faltered with the translation, Mao whispered to him, "Marguerite, Marguerite Gauthier"), France was lit by candles. It is not as long ago as it seems. You have seen our workers, our peasants. They can work, can't they?"

My host gave orders for more tea, inquired about my trip and my impressions, asked me if I was able to carefully study the method of agricultural production in the regions I passed through. Obviously this subject is close to his heart. "The Revolution," he has often repeated, "will only succeed if it convinces the Chinese peasant."

"Yes, I know. Your Western newspapers have printed large headlines on what they call the famine in China. Our People's Communes, especially, exasperate them. . . . It is true that China has had some difficulties. Last year was bad. Our country has suffered natural disasters to an extent unknown for a century. We will need a lot of time to overcome these difficulties, which are facing us in numerous domains. But who could have dreamed that in 11 years we would repair the damages caused by centuries of neglect, anarchy, foreign domination, and feudalism? We are going through a period of scarcity, but at least the Chinese people will not be the prey of famine.

"We believe that what we have accomplished could only have been accomplished by us. And for an obvious reason: nothing can be done without the enthusiastic help of the masses – and we have it. Do you think that it is possible for a government, no matter how strong, to force 500 million peasants to accept a way of life and work which repels them?"

Contrary to Stalin, Mao, so strict on the doctrinal level, is trying, on the level of action, to come to terms with men. Since 1949, there has been only one brutal purge of high officials. If we compare the People's Republic of China with other governments which seized power in Asia and Europe during the same period and which have kept power only by constant purges, we must admit that, more than any other dictatorial regime, it has spared its higher ranks. Its seven main leaders are comrades from the "Long March." Their mutual loyalty has apparently never been shaken.

This continuity, this unity of purpose is evidently a result of the moral and intellectual authority of Mao Tse-tung, who, to remain at the top, does not need to occupy a key post in the Party machine, to control the police and the army from within the government, or to rouse popular enthusiasm by posturing and eloquence. He is not a cabinet member and, if he remains President of the Party, he lets Liu Shao-chi (Vice President) and Teng Shiao-ping (Secretary General) watch over the machinery. He travels, makes inquiries, meditates, receives, and from time to time – in ceremonial situations or those which necessitate a solemn note – intervenes. Liu Shao-chi, Chou En-lai, or Chen Yi are usually in charge of defining China's foreign policy.

But when Mao disappears, the succession will be assured. The Chinese Revolution is not like those plots which turn on one extraordinary, ambitious person who thinks he is indispensable. It is deeply rooted in a doctrine which aspires toward universality: it has survived bloody battles and painful experiences; it has raised up an elite who serve it with unlimited devotion and who sincerely see themselves as messengers of the truth. After Mao, Liu Shao-chi (who is not just a machine politician, as has been alleged), or Chou En-lai, Lin Piao or Teng Shiao-ping will continue the work.

The Communist Party is not faced with any opposition force that could replace it. The abundant propaganda of the Formosa government penetrates the Continent with great difficulty and convinces practically only Westerners traveling through Hong Kong. The old ruling classes have been altogether eliminated or dispersed. Present everywhere, the Party machine activates and controls the masses. Its cadres display a savage energy in answering Mao's demands.

I admired the intense faith of these men and women, disciplined, severely dressed, poor. "China is poor; we should be poor also," my guide Mr. Sun loved to repeat. Slogans of astonishing mediocrity pour forth: "We must have simple things to maintain our daily life: rice, wheat, cabbage, fish. As long as the battle for this minimum lasts, we must have simple ideas to keep up the zeal of the people. Later on, we shall see," Mr. Sun explains.

Nevertheless, prisons and concentration camps still exist in China. Indeed, the Communist technique of repression is not content just to punish. It wants to cure the guilty one of the "illness" which obscures his understanding. In *The Long March*, Simone de Beauvoir is justly concerned about continuous kindness which imposes an additional punishment: educational sessions.

II. CHINA IN ASIA

China has taken over the leadership of Eastern and Southeast Asia and is not disposed to give it up. The Peiping Hotel, where government guests stay, offers convincing evidence of this. A continuous procession, like a pilgrimage, comes to get advice from Mao Tse-tung, Liu Shao-chi, and Chou En-lai. Lately, Burmese and Nepalese have made up the largest number. The popular ovation given to Cambodia's Norodom Sihanouk is reserved for those China wishes to honor in

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order to bind them to it. Delegations of soldiers and scientists, dancers and students, are packed together at banquets which usually feature a lecture by Prime Minister Chou En-lai. Mutual friendship pacts have been signed. More and more China is appearing as the protector of independence and security for the people of Eastern and Far-Eastern Asia. Malaya, Burma, Indonesia, Nepal, Ceylon, Afghanistan, North Vietnam, North Korea, and Cambodia have ties with China. Thailand (violently denounced as imperialism's favorite "lackey"), India and Pakistan (nibbled from the inside), South Vietnam (which is vacillating), and South Korea (colonized) still remain apart. But Thailand and South Vietnam are having difficulty stopping the ascendency of Chinese immigrants (faithful to the motherland and used by it).

As for Japan, the choice is becoming clear. In Peking, reasons are constantly being discovered for a reconciliation with a people who are also victims of ruling class militarism. The Japanese are pardoned for having obeyed. It will be explained to them how to avoid criminal errors in the future. In increasing numbers, political, cultural, and athletic groups are landing from Tokyo.

A remark by Tibor Mende sums up the situation perfectly: "China has just invented its own Monroe Doctrine." And I would add, after having seen China, that if its new leap forward does not mean the beginning of a yellow peril, it certainly marks – in Asia – the end of the white peril.

III. "The Great Socialist Family"

At the moment of my departure for China, the deterioration in relations between the Communist camp's two principal partners was prominently featured in the Western press. Exegeses compared editorials in *Pravda* with those in *The People's Daily*. They weighed epithets, counted adverbs, conjectured on punctuation. In brief, it was said that the Russians and Chinese were quarrelling and were moving toward a split more formidable for the Communist world than the Trotsky and Tito schisms.

Certain signs seem to support these audacious speculations. In the last two years, the praise bestowed on China by the Soviet press has diminished. A large number of Russian technicians who had got the Chinese Socialist economy off to a start had been called back – or invited to withdraw. In spite of Russian diplomacy, China still maintained a hostile attitude toward certain leaders in neutralist countries, such as Nasser and Nehru, and encouraged opposition from within these countries by the Communist Party. Whether to stop pernicious rumors or to re-establish a solidarity that was in real danger, the leaders of the two great Communist countries have therefore reaffirmed their unity.

My opinion can only be based on supposition. Nevertheless, observations made from an itinerary of 3,500 miles (which is not much), limited to the eastern fringe of China do give me the impression that Sino-Soviet relations are better than the West believes.

In Shanghai, a permanent Industrial Exhibition is housed in an immense building dedicated to the friendship of the Chinese and Russian people.

In front of the entrance, a massive group, sculptured in stone, represents the solidarity of the workers in both countries. Simply dressed girls, smiling nicely, organize tours of the booths. Then, the tour over, the public is invited to look at the enormous building, constructed with remarkable speed (ten months) and to extol "eternal Sino-Soviet friendship."

The homage thus paid to the great socialist ally takes on a familiar character, since it is incorporated into the daily life of the city. Work is under way in other cities (I saw it for myself in Canton) to endow each province with a monumental ensemble dedicated to this same purpose. What one knows of the imperious logic that

Poster by Hou Yi-min in *Peking Review*, Feb. 19, 1961

Hail Sino-Soviet Solidarity!

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controls the reflexes of Communist countries prevents one from thinking that if Mao Tse-tung's Party had decided to change the climate of relations with Russia, it would continue to maintain the basis of that relationship with such obvious devotion. Watchwords would circulate, discussions would begin in which, little by little, a line of retreat would be developed from which propaganda missiles could be fired at the former "eternal friend." Instead of that, the masses are submitted to the same slogans.

There are no General Staff quarrels in the Communist camp which do not immediately reverberate on all levels. That no echo of a conflict reached me during my trip, carefully organized by the Institute of Foreign Affairs, is certainly not proof that a conflict does not or did not exist. But it is worth noting that while I never heard about a conflict with the Soviet Union, I did hear great things about the solidity of the alliance.

One detail however: the Chinese iconography, like the Russian, often reveals the underlying intentions of the Communist leaders. Today, four famous men (in addition to seven Chinese leaders) are entitled to have their faces reproduced on hundreds of millions of posters, colored portraits, miniatures, silk squares, plaster or bronze busts, etc. These are Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin (the collection of the silk fabric workshop in Hangchow also includes a Rabindranath Tagore).

Let's try to draw up a balance sheet:

1. One historical point no one will seriously contest – Stalin did not believe that Mao could win. "In our opinion," he told the Chinese Communists, "the uprising of China has no future and an arrangement with Chiang Kai-shek should be made." Consequently, he practically stopped helping the armed fight of the Communist government of Yenan against the "nationalist" government of Chungking. Mao certainly was bitter about that. But it would be exaggerated to maintain that he holds a grudge that might influence his policy. The experiment of the people's Communes, received in 1958 with reservations by Moscow, sprang from the certainty of Chinese leaders that in the agrarian domain they had nothing to learn from anyone. But this source of controversy seems to have vanished: on one hand, the Russians have recognized that the People's Communes have permitted the mobilization of some 500 million peasants, until then badly or rarely employed; on the other hand, the Chinese have tempered their original system, giving more autonomy to the small work units, making the returns and profits more personal. The distance between the two methods of collective organization narrowed.

2. China freed itself not only from a semi-feudal regime, but also from a semi-colonial state. It considers itself, therefore, as having been naturally delegated to inspire and animate the emancipation of the Asian and African colonized peoples. For this battle, it needs a firm ideological arsenal. Soviet diplomacy, freer in its movements, bends in certain situations where China tends not to. A certain discord arises from this.

3. China is exposed (and this dates far back) to an "imperialist" pressure which today occupies a fraction of its territory (Formosa), and which excludes it from international deliberations. China has claims to make known, a place to conquer. It must keep its people on the alert. That is why it will not consent to any compromise of a doctrinal nature. The support it gives to Albania, isolated in Communist Europe because of dogmatic sectarianism, the hostile vigilance it manifests toward Yugoslavia, the bad humor with which it received the bill of indictment against Stalin might be explained in this fashion. Russia, the great incontestible power, has attained all its strictly national ends. But the objectives for the future remain identical. China, which is not (yet) in the UN, which does not have (yet) the atomic bomb, which lives paradoxically apart, naturally does not want the equilibrium of the two blocs to be permanently fixed by a decision, before it has climbed to the top.

I walked a great deal in the crowded quarters of the cities. One day, in Minghan, I remarked aloud how friendly and gracious the attitude of the passersby in the street, the employees in the stores, the workers in the shops was with regard to foreigners. "The Chinese are friends of those who come to see them and who are interested in them," my guide replied sententiously – then, as if speaking to himself, he added, "Perhaps, also, they thought you were Russian."

IV. America Is the Enemy

Very ceremoniously, Mr. Chang Shi-chang, said to me, "If you agree, the committee for the Institute of Foreign Affairs would be happy to have you take part in a small conference this afternoon." Several times a week, a similar invitation was transmitted to me in the same tone of voice, and, during three or four hours, seated on a large couch in the center of a symmetrical arrangement of comfortable armchairs, I participated in "small" conferences.

But the problems of foreign policy which the Chinese like to discuss are not necessarily the same as the problems the Westerner likes to discuss. On this day, one of the advisory members of the Institute opened the debate in a piercing voice:

"Don't think that what alarms us in the Laos affair is the military danger represented by the installation of a new American base on our southern border. No. Intervention by the State Department should be denounced more for its intentions than for its challenge. Since, in the West, they still dream of militarily sur-

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rounding China, you will admit that China has good reasons for actively preparing its defense."

Then he was silent, sitting in his chair, looking very important; and with a sharp movement of his head, he sought the agreement of his colleagues, who reluctantly gave it to him. I answered (as I had the day before at a banquet) that although not in agreement with a number of points in American policy, I remained faithful to the alliance which unites France with the greatest Western power; that if, in my own country, I might criticize the methods and objectives of the Pentagon and the State Department whenever it seemed justified, in China I found it more useful to explain to my friends the reasons why a century and a half old alliance was still up-to-date; that the wise thing, in the end, was to orient it differently, but not to break it.

My remark, politely listened to, did not stop the orations. One evoked the Congo, lashed out at Mobutu's "clique of betrayers," stigmatized the "weak complicity" of the UN, and accused the Americans of having diabolically facilitated the emancipation of the former Belgian colony just enough so that it escapes the authority of Brussels – but not enough so that it wouldn't finally fall under Washington's control.

Another quoted Mao: "To achieve total victory in their struggle for national liberation, the colonized people must direct their fight mainly against American imperialism and lead against it an implacable struggle, repaying a blow with a blow."

During my whole trip, I observed the same reaction: China becomes incredibly exasperated every time America or Americans are implicated. I have heard Chairman Mao and Marshal Chen Yi, each in his own way, develop the same thought. In the streets enormous billboards, in the factories ludicrous posters show Uncle Sam with top hat, cigar in his mouth, but bent over a bag filled with dollars – fat, short-legged, and sent flying by the categoric thrust of a proletarian foot. Films and novels present American diplomats and soldiers in insolent attitudes and grotesque situations.

One evening in Shanghai, I remarked about it after the customary toasts that begin a dinner: "I think China is sincere when it proclaims its desire for peace. But I deplore the excessive violence and endlessness of its attacks against 'American imperialism', which can be to no one's advantage."

"You are imperfectly acquainted with our history," Mr. Wang Sin, an important person from the Institute, objected. "The day before yesterday I went with you to Chairman Mao's. Perhaps you noticed that I then disappeared. I didn't want my presence to bring back cruel memories. His son celebrated his birthday at my home. The next year he fell in Korea, a victim of imperialism. A victim among hundreds of thousands assassinated by the Kuomintang, which the Americans advised, supported, paid and armed. What have we done to these people? During the war with Japan and despite justified irritation, we received and cared for their flyers like brothers in arms. We loyally cooperated. We have been very patient. Nothing has come of it. When Shanghai was taken by our troops (that morning he had shown me the bridge on which the last battle was fought and the final "nationalist" resistance overcome), the American fleet barred the Whampoa. It didn't dare get mixed up in a battle that was turning out badly for its friends. But it contributed greatly to checking our advance and in this way allowed Chiang Kai-shek, who had retreated to Canton, to take refuge in Formosa."

He continued: "The Americans are illegally occupying this island; they have established bases there for guided missiles; their planes and their warships have violated more than a hundred times our air space and our territorial waters; they have concluded a military pact with Japan. In South Vietnam, Siam, Pakistan, and now Laos, they are employing a policy of aggression directed against us. . . . The Americans have bet on Chiang Kai-shek because of their hatred for socialism and because of an imperialistic domination complex. They made a mistake. And they will not forgive us for that. . . . The United States insists on occupying Formosa. As long as this is not resolved first, no attempt at reconciliation can be successful."

Had the shock of the election of John F. Kennedy already subsided by the time of my arrival in China? The Chinese leaders pretended to be only moderately interested in it. Were they so keen on having the errors from which they were profiting corrected by the new American leadership – to the extent, obviously, that these errors did not bring about a war? If it weaves its web in all directions, the People's Republic is also careful not uselessly to increase the risks of a serious crisis. To the ideological conquest of underdeveloped peoples, it applies Mao's military tactics: "In war, battles can only be fought one by one, and the enemy can only be destroyed one unit at a time. Factories can only be built one by one, peasants can only work the land bit by bit. It is foolish to make short work of the enemy. It is better to cut off one of his fingers than to wound him in ten."

In Shenzhien, the border town between Canton and Hong Kong, my Chinese friends said goodbye to me. To shake off the nervousness brought about by a departure for the other end of the world, I asked, jokingly, "Perhaps you will come to Paris soon?" One of them answered, "We should very much like to" – then, with an indefinable smile, he repeated what a prominent person in the Party had told me several days before, "Chinese Communists in Paris? Why not? But who knows? Perhaps they'll stop off in Washington first."

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"Why Are You Here, Henry?"

For political efficacy the case of Ring Lardner the Younger is pretty good but imperfect because he was in fact a Communist. What is needed is the case of a man who was not a Communist, but who served a term in jail for refusing to say so to the Un-American Activities Committee. That alone would isolate and identify the toxic factor in the doings of the Committee.

Mr. Lardner gives the case away when he says, probably truthfully, that he would have had no hesitation in telling the Committee of his own membership in the Communist Party, but if he answered that one question he knew that he would have to answer others, becoming an informer on acquaintances he knew to be Communists. While at that time he was willing to be a Communist – he has since recanted – even at that time he was not willing to be a heel; so he pleaded the Fifth Amendment and served nine and a half months in jail.

This makes him a martyr to his own sense of honor, but not what we need, to wit, a martyr to constitutional liberty. It took many years of incessant struggle to establish the principle of the secret ballot; but that struggle was well worth while as long as the principle estopped any power group, politicians, employers, or what not, from brow-beating weaker men into voting as the power group dictated. When some man goes to jail for refusing to tell the Un-American Activities Committee that he is *not* a Communist, the issue will be joined; but that has not yet occurred.

As long as any gang of politicians can compel an American to reveal how he votes, our boast of free elections is as empty as the Communist claim that it is democratic. The assertion that Communism is not a political party, but a conspiracy because it aspires to dominate the world, is a verbal trick. Christianity also aspires to dominate the world; but is it therefore not a religion, but a conspiracy? If politicians can make a thing a conspiracy by calling it a conspiracy, then no institution is safe.

Huey Long is credited with the prediction that when Fascism comes to this country it will come under the name of anti-Fascism. The popular fear of Fascism died with Hitler; but a good deal of Communism has already arrived in this country under the name of anti-Communism, and more seems to be coming every day.

This sort of reverse action is common when Terror is the Order of the Day. The ominous increase in atmospheric radioactivity is an example. If we are stampeded into duplicating the Russian explosions in the name of national defense, we shall run a serious risk of destroying the country without a war – committing suicide out of fear of being murdered! If an individual should do that, any coroner's jury would find that he was of unsound mind. Surely a nation that follows a similar course is no saner.

Since that involves physical death, a phenomenon known to all men, it is readily understood. But the death of political freedom is a more difficult concept, since freedom itself is by no means known to all men. Nevertheless, when the idea prevails that freedom is to be defended exclusively, or mainly, by physical force, freedom is already in a parlous state. Yet, fantastic as are some of the ideas solemnly advanced as protection against fallout, they are wisdom itself by comparison with the idea that we can defend liberty against assault from without by extinguishing it before it is attacked.

"Better be Red than dead" is the philosophy of poltroons. "Better be dead than Red" is sounder, but the reason for adhering to it is that the Red is a slave, and it is characteristic of a freeman that he would rather be dead than any kind of slave – including a slave who kneels when an American politician cracks the whip.

So if Mr. Lardner tells the truth when he says that he was perfectly willing to tell the Un-American Activities Committee of his own membership in the Communist Party, but balked at implicating others, his attitude may command the respect of honest men, but it is not the attitude required for the vindication of the rights of freemen. What is required is refusal to tell politicians anything about how one voted, for the inquiry is a violation of the secrecy of the ballot, and without that secrecy there can be no free election.

If the refusal involves serving a term in jail, that is pretty rough, but better men than you and I have done it. "Why are you here, Henry?" said Emerson to Thoreau in his cell. "Why aren't you here, Waldo?" said Thoreau to Emerson. The colloquy represents a formula for the defense of liberty more effective than any ever worked out by Dr. Teller, more powerful than anything they have at Cape Canaveral. But only those who understand freedom can apply it, and they may not be nervous enough to dominate American public opinion.

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The Rise of American Power

by Sidney Hyman

This book by a professor of history at Harvard is solidly built, invaluable because of the information it contains, and is gracefully executed. The one thing about it that nags at my own sense of assent, is its premise.

The premise is, that up to the early 1880's, "diplomats and writers rarely spoke of the United States in the same breath with the six recognized great powers – Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Russia and Italy. By the beginning of the 20th Century, they included it almost invariably." More than that, they had begun to speak "of the American peril." The change is explained in terms of four episodes Professor May reconstructs in luminous detail. They are the encounter between the US and Great Britain in the Venezuela claims case, the annexation of Hawaii and of the Philippines, and the defeat of Spain in Cuba.

Imperial Democracy
by Ernest R. May
(Harcourt, Brace and World; $6.75)

"The substance and appearance of power" – and here we come to the core of Professor May's premise – "are not separate matters. Between wars, judgments are entirely subjective; war is the only test. Except when war provides the proof, no nation enjoys respect and prestige as a great power except insofar as it is recognized as such by the others. And since a nation ordinarily defends its interests with its prestige rather than its arms, the United States, in a very real sense, became a great power when it came to be thought one."

Now, then, if the terms of this premise were applied to the "six recognized great powers" in the early 1880's, it would be necessary to declass most of them. In the immediately preceding years, for example, Austria and France each in turn had been defeated in war by Prussia. Italy had but recently attained its full unity not by force of its own arms, and not by its prestige, but more as a side-effect to the power plays between other European nations. Russia was very hard pressed in defending its interests by prestige when it met the countervailing force of English diplomacy. England itself had not been able to maintain a stern face when it was growled at by the United States in the Venezuelean dispute. And finally, as Mr. May himself shows, regardless of how great these nations appeared in each other's eyes, the effective power they could exercise frequently drew its strength or weakness from the play of domestic politics in each country.

And what of the United States itself? For a full century before the 1880's, it had frequently been pitted in tests of strength with the "great powers" of Europe and had been astonishingly successful in serving its own interests by fair and foul means. It is worth recalling that the United States came to birth as a nation because pioneer American diplomats managed to turn to their own account the rivalries between Great Britain and France, and in time, saw a good part of Europe embroiled in a war of its own – while the American Revolution moved to its successful climax. And immediately after the winning of independence, the American ocean-to-ocean expansionist drive that got underway was by no means a small and unequal bilateral test between Americans on the one side, and some ragged, ill-equipped Indians on the other. Great Britain, France, Spain and Mexico either held very strong positions in the direct path of that expansionist drive or menaced it on the flanks.

To get past these powers – and particularly to get past England, France and Spain – involved an infinitely more complex test of strength than any of the specific things to which Professor May ascribes the admission of America to the councils of the great powers after the 1880's. Indeed, it seems fair to guess that European archives from 1793 to the close of the American Civil War probably contain every manner of scheme and plot in which the continental power and diplomacy of the United States is cast in the conjectural role of hero or victim, ally or enemy, of the other great powers. The archives of the United States are known to tell the story in reverse where European nations are concerned.

I would add to all this, something else. In the period between the 1880's and 1900, Europe's estimate of America and America's estimate of Europe could have been drawn from evidence unrelated to any factors of military power and diplomacy fully set forth by May, or to the particular economic factors he mentions in passing.

The economic factors which he does not deal with, but which could explain a bit more of why things happened as they did in this period, are of the following order: From the European standpoint, this was the period when European investors who had helped finance the newly built Western railroads in the United States were hard hit by the wave of bankruptcies that swept over these roads; when other European investors were discovering the water in the stocks and bonds pressed upon them by sales agents of the newly emerging American industrial corporations; when silver agitation (then at its height in the United States) thoroughly alarmed European creditors who feared a repayment of debts in devalued American currencies.

With all this in mind, I would venture a supposition. If one could reconstruct the story of how the great banking houses in England, France, Germany, and Austria with heavy involvements in American financing saw their own interests affected by these develop-

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ments; if one could further reconstruct the story of how these same houses in defense of their own interests influenced the policy their respective governments took toward the United States, it might help explain some of the zigs and zags in the noneconomic realm of power and diplomacy.

From the American standpoint, on the other hand, this was the period when a rising tide of immigration from Europe had as one of its by-products a rebirth in the sense of America's superiority to Europe. Yet it was also the climatic period when the seasonal import of capital to finance the American agricultural cycle provided the only element of "elasticity" in the American monetary system; and when money panics followed by acute business depressions could ensue on those occasions when Europeans turned off the faucet on the seasonal flow of credit to the United States. The sense of American spiritual supremacy and financial dependence on Europe was a highly volatile mixture. It could partly account for both the haphazard and yet, on occasion, intensely emotional way the US began to flex its muscles while it gave a poor man's imitation of European-style imperialism.

If there is a second edition, as I trust there will be, Mr. May might wish to consider a new starting premise to avoid some of the nagging difficulties I have so far mentioned; and also, because a new premise might lead to a further clue in an otherwise superbly told episode that forms the heart of this book. The episode concerns the intermittent Spanish effort to form a solid front of European powers in opposition to the United States during the Cuban crisis of the 1880's and the 1890's, and why the near success of that effort failed in the end.

I shall not presume to rewrite Mr. May's book for him, but a proposed new beginning might read like this:

"In the 1880's, European nation-states in dealing with tensions in Europe proper, were still bound by the pattern that set in at the end of the Napoleonic Wars. They fought limited wars with each other for limited material objects lying beyond war. The enemy of the moment, once he surrendered the limited object coveted by the victor, was otherwise allowed to remain substantially intact in his social, political and economic structure. He might be needed as an ally in the event of another limited war for limited purposes against yet another European enemy. There was no occasion, therefore, for the United States to figure in any of these purely European settlements of purely European issues – though Europe directly or indirectly had figured for many generations in the settlement of issues that directly involved the interests of the United States.

"By the 1880's, however, two new lines of force were unleashed on opposite sides of the Atlantic – and Pacific. In Europe, where Spain, England and France had once been the principle nations capable of extending their power and diplomacy into an oceanic dimension, other nations now began to enter the same dimension. At the same time, the United States had not only reached the limits in its coast to coast territorial drive, but had so rapidly filled in the empty spaces in between that in 1892, the Director of the U.S. Census officially declared that there was no longer any frontier.

"Great Britain, as the wisest of the oceanic powers, caught the sense of this American development and soon began to speculate how it could be turned to its own account in the form of an Anglo-American alliance. France, a still potent oceanic power, was paralyzed from within by a protracted crisis that ran through both the society and the state. Germany, the parvenue among the great oceanic powers, uncertain of its own style and paramount order of values, let go the fugitive opportunity to make an ally of the United States in the oceanic realm or to clip her fledgling entry straightaway. In Russia's case, the rising oceanic power of Japan stood in the way of any reach toward the United States. Italy was still caught in the placenta of its birth, and was limited in its oceanic mobility. Austria-Hungary was in the first serious stages of trouble with its maritime outlets on the Adriatic and could not readily risk a compounding of its troubles by entering the uncharted sea of oceanic power and diplomacy.

"Spain remains to be accounted for. As the first great practitioner of power and diplomacy on an oceanic scale beginning in 1492, four centuries of glory and decline brought it to a point in the 1890's, where it was but a shell of its former self. One good knock on that shell, struck accidentally or by deliberate design, could make it collapse. Spanish diplomacy being alive to this peril, from an American quarter, tried to fill in the empty center with the oceanic power of other European nations. But for reasons to be indicated, the effort failed. There was the American knock, the collapse of the Spanish shell, and an ingathering by the United States of its last fragments. And the story that follows fills in the details of how it all happened."

This is a Poem I Wrote at Night, Before The Dawn

This is a poem I wrote before I died and was reborn:
– After the years of the apples ripening and the eagles soaring,
After the festival here the small flowers gleamed like the first stars,
And the horses cantered and romped away like the experience of skill; mastered and serene
Power, grasped and governed by reins, lightly held, by knowing hands.

The horses had cantered away, far enough away
So that I saw the horses' heads farther and farther away
And saw that they had reached the black horizon on the dusk of day
And were or seemed black thunderheads massy and ominous waves in the doomed sky:
And it was then, for the first time, then that I said as I must always say
All through living death of night:
It is always darkness before delight!
The long night is always the beginning of the vivid blossom of day.

DELMORE SCHWARTZ

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Adventure on the Moon

by Asher Brynes

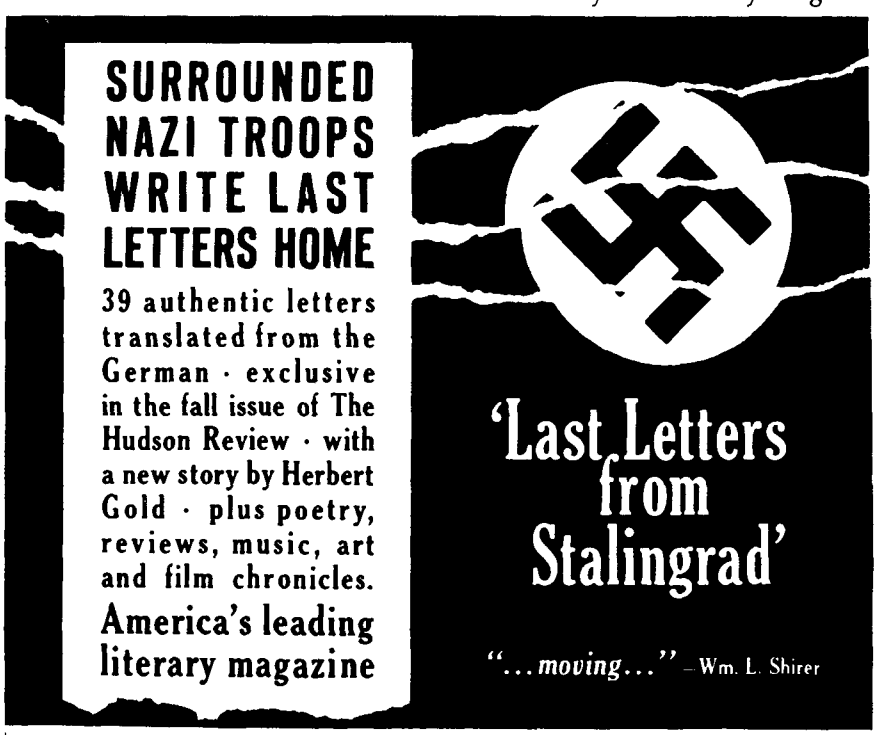
As Kingsley Amis says in *New Maps of Hell*, one of the few book-size critiques of science fiction by a serious novelist, addiction to it is "mostly contracted in adolescence or not at all, like addiction to jazz." Adults uninfected by an early liking for it usually look at such stories from the outside forever after, if they bother to look at them at all, and are puzzled by what seems pretty thin stuff. *A Fall of Moondust*, by Arthur C. Clarke, an English physicist and mathematician turned professional author is about a century in the future. It's a world much like our own except; it is peopled by fools, frauds, heroes, luscious women and middle-aged retired persons. They are reasonably at peace with each other, and they are in firm control of the solar system. Of their own leisure too, presumably – for much ingenuity and money, *stollars* (story dollars?) in the currency of this era, are devoted to developing new kinds of travel. The next thing these earthlings do, for instance, after establishing the first solid settlement on the moon, is to construct a sort of rubberneck bus for de luxe tours upon the surface of its Sea of Thirst. This is an immense lake of dust so much finer than talcum powder that it is like water – it settles to a level after being sloshed about – in the airlessness and absence of gravity on the moon. A broad-bottomed bus-boat with screw propellers, the "Selene," makes daily tours of the mountains along the coast of this odd sea, much like the excursion boats that tour New York harbor.

A Fall of Moondust
by Arthur C. Clarke
(Harcourt, Brace and World; $3.95)

One otherwise ordinary day a fissure opens in the floor of the Sea of Thirst. As ill luck would have it the "Selene" is plowing through the dust surface at that moment. The rising bubble of volcanic gas bursts directly underneath the hull. For a moment it leaves a cavity in the dust – but that is long enough to entrap the "Selene." She slides down and as she settles the dust flows in overhead. Nobody's hurt or even alarmed; only the captain and the hostess are conscious of the fact that there may be trouble. As they ponder this prospect, various electronic circuits located earthside as well as moonside go into action. Mr. Clarke is at his best in describing how computers can respond far more swiftly and in the special circumstances for which they are programmed more intelligently than uninstructed human beings.

What triggers this display of electronic understanding is the failure of the machinery to receive the normally steady signal of the "Selene" when it is satisfactorily under way; it acts, in other words, when something stops. What stops the radiation of the signal from the bus-boat's antenna is the amount of ferrous material in the moondust. In apartment dweller's language, the radio is as effectively silenced as if the lead-in wire were shorted to a water pipe. The "Selene" and its contents, twenty passengers and crew, are buried alive on the moon.

Earthly people swiftly take over the job of finding and rescuing them. The technical problems that must be solved to make a successful search in the dust of the Sea of Thirst, which is a barrier to every form of radiation, whether electronic, or thermal, or light, or sound, are brilliantly detailed and the solutions devised by the author are entirely plausible. The human problems that develop inside the immured craft, however, are much less spiced with violence and sex than in conventional fiction – a point from which one is justified in drawing a moral. In the heavily technological atmosphere of such tales, intellectuals are cast as astronomers and the like, not beats and abstract talkers; professional men are always engineers and pilots; and the blue-collar workers have such exacting jobs to do that one is sure they really wear white coveralls from head to foot. As for the women, they are generally smarter, in an unspecialized way, than the men they have already caught or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are about to capture. This is the world of the ever-youthful, the young who are so efficient, in their various ways that maturity is unnecessary.

Amis reserves his highest praise for what he calls the science fiction of "pure idea." Clarke has written some stories of this genre, but *A Fall of Moondust* is not one of them. It is something which might be classified as science fiction of the *applied* problem, closely resembling the type of technological or engineering fiction written about the rescue of submarines that have gone down in 40 fathoms of water with the human beings inside them all alive. No economic problem or moral analysis is involved in getting such a task done; and scientific abstractions are merely mentioned. Getting the moon boat out from under the sea of dust is a job for engineers with fumbling hands and human minds. In such a setting characterization is ticked off precisely, and crisply, as just one more reason why the "Selene" is either in a jam, or may be rescued safe and whole.

According to the Cotton Manuscript of the travels of Sir John Mandeville, now preserved in the British Museum, that medieval writer of *pious* fiction began to gather material for his book in 1322. In the 30th chapter of Mandeville's narrative he comes to the land of Prester John, which is the equivalent of the moon in his pre-scientific era. There his imagination discovers exactly what Clarke found more than seven centuries afterward. "For in Prester John's country," says he, "[there] is the Sea of Sand, without any drop of water, and it ebbeth and it floweth in great waves as other seas do, and it is never still ne in peace, in no manner season. And no man may pass that sea by navy ne by no manner craft, and therefore may no man know what land is beyond the sea. . . ."

Freedom and the Criminal Process

by Abe Fortas

Alan Barth has added a new dimension to the imposing structure of his contributions to the literature of liberty. His editorials in *The Washington Post* constitute an outstanding collection of critical essays on the daily events of freedom. His earlier books, *The Loyalty of Free Men* and *Government by Investigation* are powerful, sensitive analyses of the problems of civil liberty that, alas, are more enduring than today's news.

The Price of Liberty
by Alan Barth
(Viking; $4.50)

In his present book, Barth turns to the criminal process – or rather, to the interaction of the criminal process and the conditions of a free society. He shows us that the criminal process affects not only or primarily the criminal, but all of society. Police lawlessness, he teaches us, raises not merely the danger of convicting the innocent, but the peril that the entire populace will be prostituted by fear – fear of the tapped wire, the concealed microphone, the arrest on "suspicion."

In his exciting chapter on "Eavesdropping," Barth states it this way: "The danger in official eavesdropping – the terrible danger for a free people – lies not so much in what it may record and use as in what it may silence and leave unsaid."

The price of liberty, Barth urges, is a suitable system of restraint upon the officials and processes charged with the maintenance of order. But these restraints are not merely a "price" that we must pay – a handicap that we must bear – for the sake of liberty. It is only superficially or apparently true that they stand in the way of effective police work. As Wigmore and others have observed, the effectiveness of a police force in apprehending criminals and securing their conviction is improved, and not reduced, by compelling the police to rely upon careful investigation rather than upon the instruments of terror and intimidation.

Barth believes that police lawlessness and public impatience with restrictions upon police methods have reached dangerous proportions. He contends that "liberty is being imperiled today for the sake of order." He recalls to our mind startling examples of lawlessness by the police: Instances of entrapment, of wiretapping, of breaking and entering, of espionage. He marshalls the shocking figures as to the vast numbers of arrests for "suspicion," a lawless phenomenon which Justice Douglas has eloquently described. He reminds us of the public outcry, to which the legal profession generously contributed, against such decisions of the Supreme Court as the *Mallory* case, which sought to inhibit prolonged police detention and interrogation of suspects prior to arraignment of the suspect before a magistrate.

Several chapters of *The Price of Liberty* center upon the role of the United States Supreme Court in the arena of the conflict between law enforcement officers and personal liberty and public freedom. He shows that it is primarily through judicial decisions in individual cases that law can be imposed on law officers.

Alan Barth is not a lawyer, but his book shows that he has been a careful reader of the Supreme Court reports which relate to the problems of personal freedom. In the first chapters of his book, he reviews the leading decisions of that august tribunal. He presents us with a series of clear still-life photographs of the Court's decisions. They are not portraits. They do not purport to illuminate the mysteries – the why and why-not of the votes of the various justices – or to predict, on the basis of the Court's variable past, the uncertain future course of its actions. But this self-imposed limitation is a small matter, perhaps of interest only to lawyers. Probably the fact of the matter is that by his self-denial, Barth has been able to present to laymen the story of the Supreme Court's decisions to date, with unusual simplicity and clarity. Certainly, through the medium of his statement of the Court's decisions, he has made his point: that insistence upon law observance by law officers is an integral and essential part of our constitutional system. Barth's book is a superb review of the issues in a field where freedom is engaged in combat every hour of every day.

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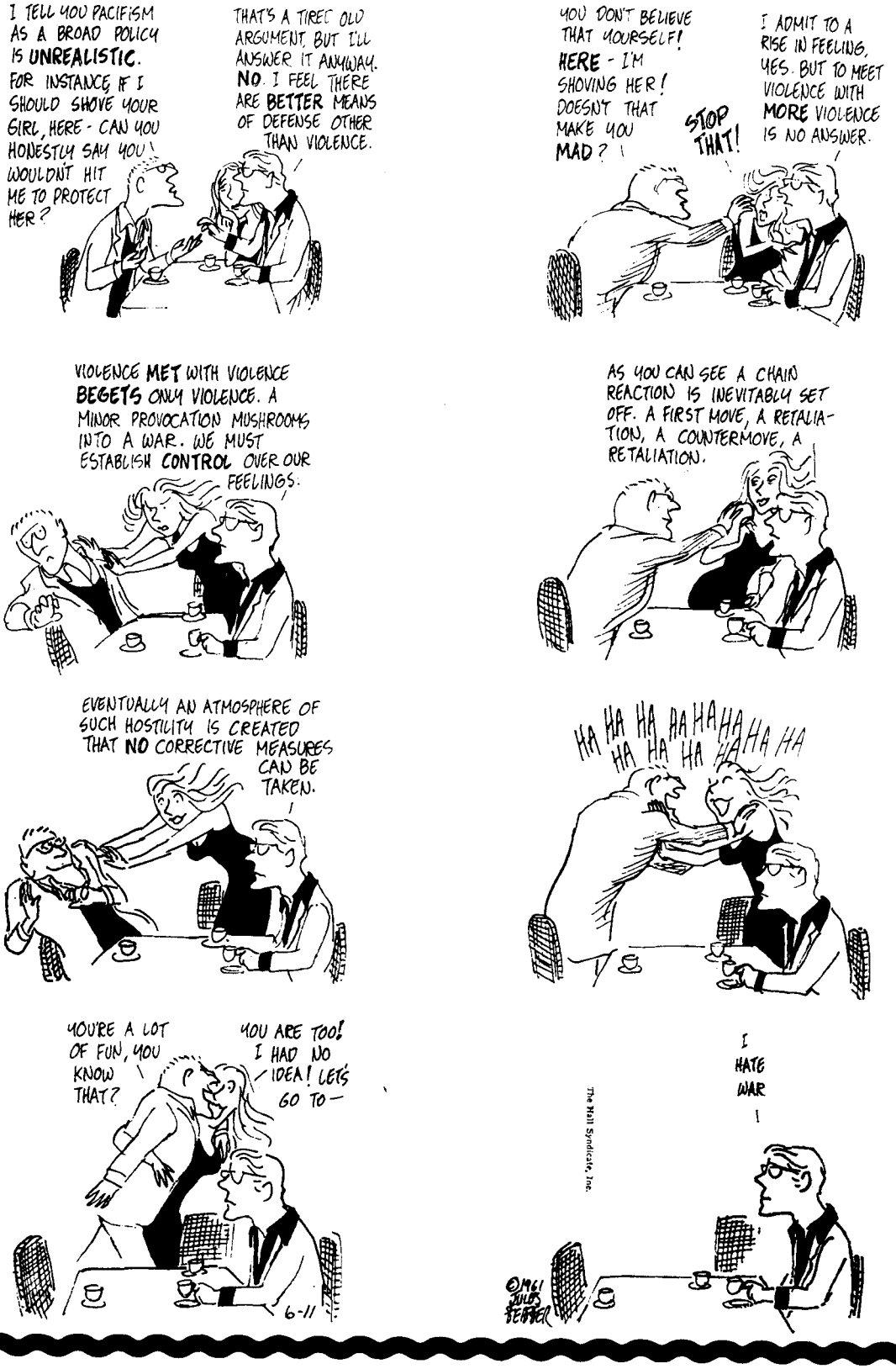
I TELL YOU PACIFISM AS A BROAD POLICY IS UNREALISTIC. FOR INSTANCE, IF I SHOULD SHOVE YOUR GIRL, HERE - CAN YOU HONESTLY SAY YOU WOULDN'T HIT ME TO PROTECT HER?
THAT'S A TIRED OLD ARGUMENT, BUT I'LL ANSWER IT ANYWAY. NO. I FEEL THERE ARE BETTER MEANS OF DEFENSE OTHER THAN VIOLENCE.
YOU DON'T BELIEVE THAT YOURSELF! HERE - I'M SHOVING HER! DOESN'T THAT MAKE YOU MAD?
STOP THAT!
I ADMIT TO A RISE IN FEELING, YES. BUT TO MEET VIOLENCE WITH MORE VIOLENCE IS NO ANSWER.
VIOLENCE MET WITH VIOLENCE BEGETS ONLY VIOLENCE. A MINOR PROVOCATION MUSHROOMS INTO A WAR. WE MUST ESTABLISH CONTROL OVER OUR FEELINGS.
AS YOU CAN SEE A CHAIN REACTION IS INEVITABLY SET OFF. A FIRST MOVE, A RETALIATION, A COUNTERMOVE, A RETALIATION.
EVENTUALLY AN ATMOSPHERE OF SUCH HOSTILITY IS CREATED THAT NO CORRECTIVE MEASURES CAN BE TAKEN.
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
YOU'RE A LOT OF FUN, YOU KNOW THAT?
YOU ARE TOO! I HAD NO IDEA! LET'S GO TO—
6-11
I HATE WAR !
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The Asphalt Romeo and Juliet

West Side Story
(United Artists)

The film of *West Side Story* produces the same brilliant effect as the play. This does not mean that the stage show has merely been duplicated; on the contrary, to get the same effect, it had to be effectively translated into a second medium. Because of the quality of the original materials and of the translation, the result is the best film musical ever made.

The price of its virtue is our disappointment that it isn't even better. For something more than half the film (as with the play), everything meshes so beautifully – with a sense that all the good elements in our theatrical arts have met in the right work at the right moment – that we are led to expect cumulation and a towering conclusion. This does not happen. I left the film, as I left the Winter Garden a few years ago, feeling that I had been cheated of a potentially tremendous experience.

But if that is an inverse compliment, it is still a compliment. The film bursts into life, not merely into action, from its opening split-second. Done in color on an extra-wide screen, it begins with stunning helicopter shots of Manhattan which catch the dramatic aspect of the city better than any establishing shot has done before. We zoom down from the sky right to the snapping fingers of the Jets, the white street-gang. From then on, the film moves into its story with two concomitant rhythms: the one within the framework of the screen (the movement of the actors) and that of the editing and montage – the juxtaposition of shots. These two powerful rhythms, powerfully employed, along with the irresistible music, take us to the center of a moment of our time.

West Side Story has been over-burdened with discussion about its comment on our society. It offers no such comment. As a sociological study, it is of no use: in fact, it is somewhat facile. What it does is to utilize certain conditions artistically – a vastly different process. Through much of the work, dance and song and cinematic skill fuse into a contemporary theatrical poem.

Leonard Bernstein's marvelously apt score has been expertly conducted by Johnny Green and is richly recorded. Stephen Sondheim's lyrics – after how many hearings? – are still fresh, evocative, supple. The weakness of the film is the weakness of the show: its book. Arthur Laurents has supplied pedestrian dialogue throughout (adapted here by Ernest Lehman), and the relentless insistence on the *Romeo and Juliet* parallel, which was probably not all Laurents' decision, maims the last third. The attempt at high tragedy is simply unsuccessful. Tony and Maria are believable and interesting while the parallel with Verona stays in the realm of encounter and of sudden, perilous enchantment. But when heroic motions are imposed on the pair, for which neither their characters nor the texture of the work have prepared us, credibility thins, and we move into Hammerstein-land, where things can sometimes be theatrically effective but are of a lesser order. The artificiality of the last third and the utter falseness of the hinted reconciliation at the end are what cause the disappointment.

Readers who saw this show will, I hope, be impatient with me by now for not having mentioned Jerome Robbins. I have saved him until last because, as exceptional as Sondheim's lyrics are, as lovely as Bernstein's score is, Robbins' contribution is the keystone. Everything else exists *within* his conception. It is insufficient to say that he did the choreography for the film; the film contains his dances but it is derived from the show which he composed in movement from beginning to end. It is essentially Robbins' alchemy that *uses* Bernstein's score, *uses* the drama and color, and transmutes the fine components into an even finer art.

When the curtain rose on the play, we all knew at once that the musical theater had been touched to a new

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vitality. When the film begins, and the Jets move down the streets of the West Side (studio settings faultlessly blended with location shots), as they mold swagger into ballet, we know that we are not seeing "dance numbers," we are seeing street gangs for the first time *as they really are* – only we have not been able to perceive it for ourselves.

The world has been happily aware for some years that Robbins can speak of his times in the timeless language of ballet. His work in this show was one of the few glories of the post-war American theater. He has now reshaped it, moving the audience into and around the play but without losing the feeling of theatrical presentation. Robbins, listed as co-director, did not actually direct most of the film. He was removed for "perfectionism." (The charge anesthetizes comment.) Robert Wise, an uncommonly qualified director, replaced him. Two of Robbins' dancers supervised the final rehearsal of some of the dances. But all of them were engaged in recording, essentially, Robbins' work.

Of the large cast only Richard Beymer (Tony) is inadequate; his earnestness does not compensate for his lack of appeal. Natalie Wood (Maria) is nicely poignant, and Rita Moreno and George Chakiris, as the Puerto Rican lovers, give vivid performances. The singing, most of which is dubbed, is good.

But it is Robbins' vision – of city life expressed in stylized movement that sometimes flowers into dance and song – that lifts this picture high. If a time-capsule is about to be buried anywhere, this film ought to be included, so that possible future generations can know how an artist of ours made our most congenial theatrical form respond to some of the beauty in our time and to the humanity in some of its ugliness.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Notes on Contributors

Sidney Hyman *is the author of a new book,* Eisenhower: Promise and Performance, *which will be published in the Spring.* Delmore Schwartz *is at work on a new play,* Kilroy's Carnival, Abe Fortas *is a prominent Washington attorney.*

THEATER

A Naturalism of the Grotesque

The Caretaker
by Harold Pinter
(Lyceum Theater)

When Harold Pinter tells us that his plays contain no meaning outside of the material itself, I think we should believe him, giving thanks for his unusual, though somewhat self-incriminating, honesty. *The Caretakers* – being little more than the sum of its component parts and dramatic values – certainly seems totally free from either significance or coherence. In this, no doubt, it has something in common with real life. But while the work displays a surface painstakingly decorated with naturalistic details, these are so peculiarly selected that the effect is quite distorted: the play is a slice of life, sliced so arbitrarily that it has lost all resemblance to life. Because of the mystery surrounding Pinter's principles of selection, therefore, suspense is the play's greatest virtue. Pinter manipulates this with considerable skill, tantalizing us with the promise of some eventual explanation – but he stubbornly refuses to deliver. He refuses, in fact, to communicate with us at all. His language, while authentic colloquial speech, is stripped bare of reflective or conceptual thought, so that the play could be just as effectively performed in Finno-Ugric. You might say that *The Caretaker* approaches the condition of music – if you could conceive of music without much development, lyric quality, or thematic content. For the play is so scrupulously non-analytical – so carefully documented with concrete (though pointless) happenings, specific (though atypical) character details, and particularized (though unrecognizable) responses – that it goes full circle from its surface naturalism and ends up a total abstraction.

The basic anecdote is this: A slavish, peevish, vicious old down-and-out named Davies is offered lodging in a junk-filled room, part of a network of apartments waiting to be redecorated. His benefactor, the would-be decorator, is a listless, dull-witted chap named Aston, who has collected Davies in much the same impersonal way he has collected the other useless articles in the place. Aston gives Davies a bed, money, shoes, clothes, and a caretaking job, which the derelict, consumed with defenses and prejudices, accepts or rejects with alternating gratitude and grumbles. Though they live in the same room and share a quality of spiritual paralysis (Aston wants but is unable to build a tool shed; Davies is desirous but incapable of going to Sidcup for his papers), they cannot connect. Nor do they connect with Aston's brother, Mick, a mordant young entrepreneur who hardly says a word to As-

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ton and who relates to Davies mainly by baiting him with cruel practical jokes. Following Aston's confession that shock treatments had addled his brain, Davies tries to form an alliance with Mick to evict Aston from the room. Mick first encourages Davies' scheme; then, smashing his brother's statue of Buddha for emphasis, ridicules it. After a petty altercation between the two roommates over Davies' noisy sleeping habits – which climaxes when Davies, flourishing a knife, lets slip some unfortunate remarks about Aston's "stinking shed" – Aston asks him to leave. Whimpering like a rebellious slave whipped into submission, Davies begs to be allowed to remain.

That, apart from a wealth of equally mystifying details and a few comic episodes, is the meat of the play; and I'm perspiring from the effort to extract this much coherence. One is forced to respect Pinter's command of the stage, since he has composed scenes of substantial theatrical force dominated by a compelling air of mystery, but his motive for writing the play escapes me. I would be delighted to be able to tell you that Pinter nurtures some of the seeds he plants in the work – that *The Caretaker* is about the spiritual vacancy of modern life, the inability of slave types to achieve dignity, or (favorite theme of "sensitive" contemporary playwrights) the failure of human beings to communicate with each other. But I cannot honestly conclude that it is about anything at all, other than itself. The situation, apparently ordinary, is so special, and the characters, apparently human, are so unrepresentative, that we are totally alienated from the events on the stage; and finally begin to regard these creatures as a bacteriologist might examine germ life on another planet.

For this reason, the present tendency to couple Pinter and Beckett is more misleading than it is illuminating. Pinter has obviously borrowed some of Beckett's techniques and conventions – the tramp figure, the immobility of the central characters, the repetitions in the dialogue, the occasional vaudeville stunts, the mixture of comedy and seriousness – but he has used them for totally different purposes. In *Waiting for Godot*, the action is metaphorical and universal; in *The Caretaker*, it is denotative and specific. Beckett's plays reveal the feelings of a metaphysical poet about the quality of human existence. Pinter's, excluding both feelings and thought, bear almost no relation to any known form of human life, and are so impersonal they seem to have written themselves. What Pinter has created, is a naturalism of the grotesque wrapped around a core of abstraction – something less like Beckett than like Sherwood Anderson, though lacking the compassion of either.

The production takes full advantage of ample theatrical opportunities. Donald McWhinnie approaches the play, quite correctly, as if it were a perfectly conventional kitchen drama, adding a note of casual imperturbability with his direction which enhances the oddness. Brian Currah's setting – an artfully arranged hodgepodge of vacuum cleaners, lawn mowers, broken down beds, paint buckets, and other articles of junk – provides the proper air of imprisonment. And the acting is further proof that the new English proletarian style is now more flexible than our own. Pinter, who writes succulent parts for actors, has created a really juicy character in Davies, excellently played by Donald Pleasence with a kind of shambling, snivelling, corrosive nastiness. But for me the best performance of the evening is contributed by Alan Bates as Mick, whose alternating cruelty, irony, wit, and injured innocence are etched with such assurance that one is almost convinced there is something of consequence beneath the baffling exterior of the part.

But the surface refuses to budge. In *The Caretaker*, Pinter has gone beyond the most extreme theories of the most radical Existentialists: he has created a work in which existence not only precedes essence but thoroughly decimates it. Without some hint of the essential, all judgments must be relative, and a critic of the drama becomes as useless as those critics of action painting who are given to analyzing their own subliminal response to a work instead of the work itself. My subliminal response to Pinter's play was a growing irritation and boredom, somewhat mitigated by respect for his redoubtable theatrical gifts. If these gifts can someday be combined with visionary power, beauty, heart and mind, then we shall someday have a new dramatic artist and not just an abstract technician of striking scenes for actors.

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Correspondence

Morality on the New Frontier

Sirs:

Your issue of October 9 brought distressing news to those of us who had left for the New Frontier. First we were informed on your editorial page ("Blarney, Bludgeon, Boodle") that the Kennedy Administration had decided to delay a real test of "moral leadership," on the theory, apparently, that a show of moral principle is a one-shot proposition and that the crisis so far in Cuba, the Congo, Laos, and Berlin, would have emptied the arsenal before the fight had really begun.

Then, in his review of Mary McCarthy's book, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. tells the troops that to use our short supply of morality would be akin to gas warfare, anyway. "I hope," he says, "it will frighten no one away from this superbly entertaining volume if I describe it as possessing a genuinely *moral* quality."

In other words, the concept of morality, between pages four and twenty-four, changed from merely political suicide to absolutely unmentionable. And it would further appear that this campaign to discredit the concept was deliberate, for Mr. Schlesinger, I assume, bears as much responsibility for page four as he does for page twenty-four.

Where, I wonder, does this place the New Frontier? We started out in the right direction (slightly northwest of the White House), but it would seem that we have been stranded, without a guide, without ammunition, well within the city limits of Washington, where, as every tenderfoot knows, moral leadership is something with which to help old ladies across the street.

Eleanor Rockwell Edelstein
Washington, D. C.

No Place to Hide

Sirs:

The sum total of the Grinspoon and Lieberman article (September 4) seems to be that since Man is faced with the greatest challenge in the history of civilization, there are two alternatives: (1) run (2) hide. . . .

The *reductio ad absurdum* is this: There is no place to hide.

General William H. Creasy, former Chief Chemical Officer of the U.S. Army, testifying before a Congressional Committee, stated that "when the guided missile comes over if it is a chemical or biological warhead, instead of saving people, you are guaranteeing sure death" since the ventilation systems will conveniently arrange that all citizens in underground shelters be quickly exterminated.

If I know this, certainly Mr. Khrushchev must know it.

There can be no peace without justice; no justice without law; and no law without government. Something causes peace; it is government. Something causes war; it is absence of government. Something will cause world peace. It will be World Government.

Let's stop playing games with running and hiding. If this is the sum total of the psychiatrists' wisdom who write for *The New Republic*, I suggest they return to the Massachusetts Mental Health Center and continue to distribute tranquilizers to the patients and staff alike.

There *is* a solution: Federal World Government. In the name of sanity, wake up!

John R. Rague
Massapequa Park, N.Y.

McCone and Atomic Testing

Sirs:

Your note of October 9 includes the following argument:

1) McCone said . . . test ban greater disadvantage to US in 1960.

2) Russians resumed testing in 1961. Therefore "McCone favors 'evidence' that supports his preconception . . ." implying human weakness on his part.

However, what may have been "true" in 1960 (and before) is not necessarily true in 1961. Claiming Mr. McCone to be in error assumes that the USSR could not have benefitted by the moratorium. It is my feeling that they did – in two ways: first, they were able to further their own basic research in which they apparently lagged the US and, second, the US was denied the opportunity to advance its knowledge of nuclear weapons' effects, etc.

John L. Donaldson
Chevy Chase, Maryland

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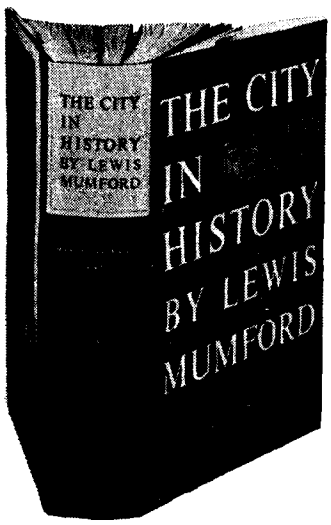

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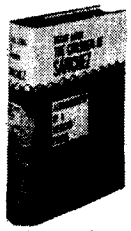

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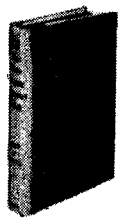

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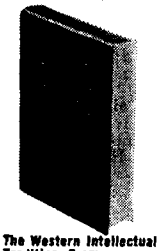

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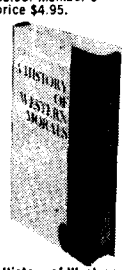

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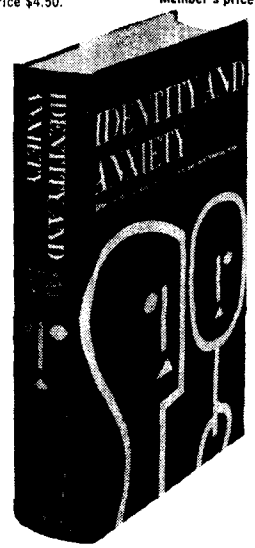

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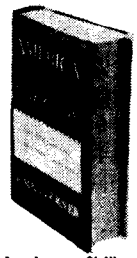

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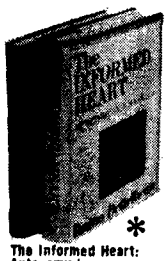

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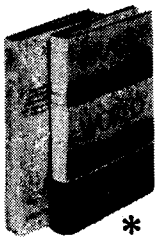

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